

THE LIVING AGE.

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OPPORTUNITY.

"The man with the flying hair."

We know not at what moment he will
come

With flying tresses speeding down the
sky,—

Yet seize on him,—the twinkling of an
eye,

And he who calls may be forever
dumb.

He is the author and the final sum
Of life's rare chances as they hasten
by,

Another time he may not come so nigh,
Another time he may not seek thy
home.

Perhaps he brings within his hand a
gift

Whose preciousness no mortal tongue
has told,

Or with refiner's art he bids thee sift
From out the dross of worldliness the
gold.

Or, *in His Name*, a cup of water press
To lips athirst in some lone wilderness.

C. D. W.

TO PAIN.

Servant of God, our spirits' nurse,

Tutor and craftsman of the spheres,
Who drawest glory from the curse

Of sin and want and primal tears,—
From toil and sordid strain, through
thee

We win immortal liberty.

The glint and flashing of thy sword
Are fragments of the eternal Light;

Thou art the angel of the Lord

With whom we wrestle in the night.

It is thy ruthless steel whose shock
Sculptures the man from shapeless
rock.

From stress of matter worlds are born,

By stress of spirit souls are made.

The clouds that stifle back the morn

Are pierced by thine unerring blade.

Behold how from the midnight strife
There issues forth the light of Life!

The birth-pang of the race is thine,

And joy is suckled at thy breast.

It is thy ministry divine

That takes the good and gives the
best.

Beneath thine overshadowing
The sons of God together sing.

Thine is the pang of falling leaf,
Of fading flower, or wailing wind—
Of June magnificently brief,
And winter following swift behind;
Thine is the sob of rains that pass,
Dripping athwart the kirkyard grass.

In nakedness of puissant limb
We see thy purity and might;
The vestures that would veil and dim
Reveal us stark before thy light,
Till all the passion of the soul
Is won to thy supreme control.

Thine were the mysteries of birth
When yet the worlds chaotic lay.
We struggle half-emerged from earth,
And half imprisoned by the clay;
Only thy swift resistless hand
Can free our limbs and bid us stand.

O thou of Love the firstborn child,
And thou of Love the living breath—
We know, when thou hast strangely
smiled,

The message is of life, not death.
Thou raisest those whom thou hast
slain

To two-fold being—mystic Pain.

Arthur L. Salmon.

The Speaker.

A LOVE SONG.

The spices of thy gardens fill the air,
The blossom glistens on thine apple-
tree;

Sweeter than spice art thou, than
flowers more fair,

My Dew, my Blossom, open thou to me.

Come, let us seek the mountains of the
myrrh,

The hills of frankincense, the fragrant
sea,

The north wind blows, the leaves, the
waters stir,

My Dove, my Springtide, open thou to
me.

Maurice Baring.

SOME CHRISTIAN ASPECTS OF EVOLUTION.

It is not strange that the doctrine of evolution should have taken a hold upon the present age, which has in many quarters become a tyranny. It is a grand and comprehensive idea, which has now been taught to speak the language of the palpable sciences to every ear. It also clears up several of the more obvious difficulties that have posed the ordinary intelligence in the natural world by indicating that creation is not yet done. And "every new idea," says Goethe, "acts like a tyrant when it comes to light: hence the gain it brings only too soon turns to loss."

It is a youthful mistake, of course, to suppose that the idea of evolution in nature entered through Darwin or even Lamarck. It was a philosophic idea long before it was scientific, and it was far more comprehensive. It did not even dawn with Hegel (who has room for Darwin's greatness in a side pocket). It plays an unformed and mystic part in the Neoplatonic systems of Alexandrian times, and, through Augustine, had much place in mediæval thought. It was an intuition of speculative genius, (like so much in Lucretius, for instance), before it was a biological theme.

There is no doubt, also, it still exerts a great imaginative fascination. No small source of its influence is outside of its scientific utility as a hypothesis. Its popular spell is largely æsthetic; and it is due to the imposing features read into it by the imagination, which quietly elevates it from a physical hypothesis to be a scheme of the world. It seems to bring life from the dead. It represents a kind of Evangelical Revival, if not indeed a Reformation, in the scientific mind. It offers to the mind, in a world which had seemed to antiquity so finished

and fixed, the spectacle of a universe in vital movement, a ζῶον, in movement, too, on a vast scale, and in an overwhelming *crescendo*. Creation seems at last to be on the march—nay, on the path of victory. It is as if we were lifted to a place where we could safely look down on the whole battlefield of existence and see in rapture the vast deployment of the fight. It replaces the old mechanical conception of the world by the more engaging idea of organic growth. At the same time, it spreads the realm of cause and law to cover the vast region of new knowledge laid open by the explorers in all kinds; so that our growing experience reveals still a universe ordered in all things and sure, controlled, not to say centralized, yet instinct with vitality and promise. Again, it calls upon every individual to show cause for its existence in its contribution to the whole; and this, even if it swamp the individual's ultimate right to be which is drawn from his relation to the absolute God, is in tune with other instincts of the age, and seems a useful curb upon unchartered egoism. It seems to show that the moral and social forces, which repress undue claims for self, are the great agents and guarantees of human progress, that godliness is not only good but useful, and profitable for both worlds if we look widely enough. And it appears to take some of the gloom from the struggle and pain of existence by showing that it is not all fruitless, not gratuitous and suicidal, but a condition of progress so far. It writes one aspect of the Cross, its sacrifice, on the whole area of life, and traces the roots of it among the minute crevices of all sentient being. It may at once be said that in principle the evolutionary idea has a place and

value in science that can never be lost, however questionable we may find it in philosophy. And it has foregleams and points of contact for the nobler morality, fatal as it may be to it on the whole (for its altruism has a strange trick of suddenly doubling back into hard egoism). But to fight it or begrudge is no duty of religion, and no service to it, so long as the theory is not elevated to be a new religion, and a complete guide of life.

I.

The doctrine is now so well established upon its own ground that it can afford to welcome some indication of the limits within which it must move.

In the first place, it does not cover the whole of its own area. The part of it which deals with descent may be sound, but it does not follow that the other part, the theory of selection, is adequate. There would seem to be other factors involved in the process than adaptation to environment. It is not yet shown to be impossible that the distinctive native constitution of the organism may not have its effect among the forces that determine the result. And the theory of selection will not account for the cases of "sudden and discontinuous variation" which, from their first beginning, have "more or less of the kind of perfection which we associate with normality." The doctrine is far from final on the side of selection as distinct from heredity; and there is room for another Darwin to arise to do for *his* positions much of what *he* did for those that went before. Within biological science itself there are many who are preparing the way for such a genius, and making the need of him more and more clear.

It has been pointed out, also, that there is a lack of clearness in the idea even as applied to its own area.

There is a silent substitution of a qualitative for a quantitative. Selection is a mechanical idea; it is the adjustment of parts, or of the creature and its environment. Whereas the idea suggested by evolution is an organic one; it is the growth from within outward of a self contained force, which is not a mere abstraction, nor a brute urgency, but force, surely, with a specific content of features and qualities imposing themselves on the surroundings. And no small amount of the fascination in the doctrine arises from this quiet transfer to mechanical conditions of associations which only belong to organic and organizing power. Indeed, it is not fair to class the Darwinian evolution with those ideas of evolution which have belonged to speculative science from antiquity downwards. These all insisted on the evolving of something already within—whether as the educt of a minutely preformed creature, or as the product of a mere epigenetic power. But in biological evolution there is no such interior, and the forms and species are but the result of chance variation, and external collision.

II.

At most, and even supposing the missing link or links were found, the doctrine simply registers a method of past procedure. It has no world goal. It has no teleology on one great cosmic scale. There is nothing that gives us to know the problem set us as living souls in the world, far less to find ourselves in that problem. It does not explain the world, it only marshals it. It is an organizer and not an interpreter. It sets up the type in lines and pages, but it cannot read the book or open its seal. It follows its grammar, but not its logic; and it does not discern its spirit. It is not revelation,

but illumination. Knowledge of the world is one thing, and that can be expressed in science; but the explanation of the world is another thing, and it has to do with destiny. Even the knowledge is as yet very incomplete. At the source of each step is a variation whose cause is unknown, and whose method of appearance is unexplained. Far less have we a causal explanation of the origin of one particular variation—consciousness; less still of the origin of self-consciousness and spiritual, responsible life. There is no scientific bond connecting the finest movement with even a primitive consciousness. And the gulf is not bridged between the ideas and duties in human thought and the pictorial conceptions of the animals below. But supposing many of these gaps were connected up, we should still have but a splendid sequence, waiting for its true explanation in some great interpretative Word. This word can only express an end, goal, or destiny; and for such a word science not only has not, but cannot have, the secret. Explanation has far more to do with purpose than with cause or method. *How* man was made does not tell us *why* he was made, and cannot. History alone does not give destiny. It is only in a modified sense that the history of a truth is its criticism. We may ask what caused all this and marshals it, or we may ask what means all this and crowns it; and while science has a place in dealing with the first question, with the second it has nothing to do, nor anything to say upon it. The answer to the first does not necessarily answer the second, and the second must not arrest the first. Science seeks causes or methods, but not ends. She can but know and formulate the world so far as it has gone, she cannot interpret it by the end to which it is going. She must claim the region of etiology, but

let teleology alone. The explanation of the world is in its nature revelation, and only faith can apprehend it. For it is an unfinished world, and a destiny corresponding to its vast scale cannot be forecast by us. But it may be foretold to us, and in the principle it is—in the absolute revelation which breaks through the midst of history in Christ. The goal of the world is a spiritual power already in the midst of the world. The final whole is given us in Christ's spiritual whole. It is the perfecting, the universalizing of our present miraculous communion with the Eternal God. It is the kingdom of God—which is given us and not achieved, which is matter of revelation and not of discovery. Redemption is man's destiny. The purpose of the world is the correction of a degenerate moral variation on its way to become universal. Only our responsive faith gives us that knowledge of the infinite whole in which evolution works as a partial procedure. Yet for explanation it is the whole that we need. I am not myself a true and whole self till I find my place in the whole. We need something on which man as evolved can stand while he construes the process of his evolution. For our security we ask, What is the vast power going to do with us at last? We need a moral, universal, and final teleology; and that is the gift in Christ. Let us only take care that we treat that gift as a teleology and a power. Let us not waste it upon questions of causes, to which it brings no direct answer. In this region its best service is the promotion of a true science, equipped for causal research, and counting among its first equipments those spiritual and ethical conditions in which alone a true science can rise and thrive.

What is the end of it all? *Cui bono?* Who gains by the struggle? And what science can tell that? What evolution?

What induction? For all that appears the individual is a mere pawn in the game with our dark partner; and not the individual only, but whole species and races. Even when the individual seems to thrive, it is at the cost of his moral initiative. The doctrine of evolution substitutes process for effort. We are caught in a tendency which, we are taught, no effort can control. We are borne along on a tide against which we cannot swim. We learn the fruitlessness of moral struggle against these age-long forces that have submerged so many of the best moral attempts. We climb a climbing wave. We are creatures of the time and of the world. We lose the moral vigor which resists a majority, the public, or the priest; and the moral sympathy which helps to its feet the inferior race or the struggling right. We learn to distrust truth itself. It is all relative only, something in the making, and something which we can make. And it is all over with truth when man feels himself its creator. His truth is not worth martyrdom then, for it is too changing to be an object of faith; and is hardly worth propaganda, for it will change ere he can convert an audience, to say nothing of a generation. Reality gives way under our feet, and standards vanish like stars falling from heaven. "Growth (it comes to be thought) does not issue from being, but being from growth." Man becomes his own maker, and he has a moral fool for his product. Goodness, by becoming but one contributor to the struggle for existence, ceases to be goodness and becomes a mere utility. A spiritual interior ceases to be man's distinction. And the scientific thinker himself, thus hollowed out, ceases to trust and respect his own thought; he himself comes to be part of the lie of an empty world. Thought on these false lines, therefore, destroys its own conditions;

it commits suicide, and mankind evolves over an abyss.

III.

And when we ask what progress means, what it is measured by, how it is distinct from mere movement, what shall we reply? What entitles us to say whether any increase of movement or complexity is progress? Must the newest be the truest? We have from science no answer. Evolution is quite silent, because quite ignorant, as to its own goal and standard. It looks to yesterday with a smile, which fades whenever its glance turns to to-morrow. To what do we move? Over Niagara? To what do we climb? To the top of a slumbering volcano, on whose slopes the vines grow lush only because of its one day fatal fires? What has the individual to reconcile him to all that is exacted from him in toil, suffering, and death to feed the progress of the race? What profit is there in his blood? What is the recompense of whole races and ages thus crushed and erased? What private, personal, inward, and spiritual gain have they won? Why should they toil and suffer for the sake of a posterity equally blank and barren? The struggle naught availeth. What is there to translate their cross into glory, their sorrow into hope? What is to transfigure their body of grief and death? What is to change them from victims into martyrs, and from martyrs into the seed of some triumphant Church? If there be any such integrating agent it must surely be something which is at once the final victory and the present power; some purpose which runs through all

¹ The very Church has come to confound size with power, and bustle with growth. It gets excited about a Church census, and it stupefies its ministers by incessant demands for what is slangily called "work."

things as the truth in all and the crown upon all; some will which turns mere matter into purpose, which elects to proceed in the way of selection, and to sustain in the way of communion. We must find the end of living in the living God, the goal of all in the stay of all. And this is a power which we have only in the revelation of the Cross and its foregone (may I say its proleptic?) conquest. The empirical world is far too vast, complex, and tragical now for any philosophy of history to prophesy its goal from the necessities of speculative surmise and the categories of an irresistible ideal imbedded in thought. We must turn for our certainty elsewhere where philosophy fails as a foundation. We turn to historic faith and its experience. We are cast onward and upward to faith as our divine destiny. We were born to believe; and we are harried, as it were, into our heaven. We are carried reluctantly to our true glory, which is to know because we trust, rather than trust because we know. Our chief knowledge is of that whereby we are known. We are cast upon faith, neither as a *pis aller*, nor as a leap in the dark, upon a faith which finds in the historic work of the superhistoric Christ an absolute warrant of the kingdom of God as the close and crown of all. This realm will not be on earth; but it grows from earth, though planted from heaven. It is only evolved because it has been infused. It is one of the great gains of our time to have realized the organic continuity of the spiritual future with the growing present. The modern world but prolongs the soul of the seen through the crisis of death. And our heaven is more a fulfilment of our earth than its reward. Glory is but the consummation of grace, and grace arises in the very heart of nature and history, though it springs out of neither. The kingdom of God is to

faith the immanent truth of things, their soul and *nisus*, subtly, slowly supreme on earth, and eternal in the heavens.

IV.

It has been often enough admitted by leading exponents of evolution like Huxley, that the doctrine contains nothing incompatible in principle with a teleology. And a great jurist who studied the doctrine from the viewpoint of his own science (Ihring), adds that "the idea of an end proposed by God for the world is quite compatible with the most rigid law of causality." Everything turns on the kind of teleology and the range of its lines. There is nothing in evolution fatal to the great moral and spiritual teleology of Christianity, whatever may happen to the antiquated, and what I ask pardon for describing as even the paleyological, forms of design.

This old conception of purpose in nature was mechanical, and did not rise much above the level of contrivance. Nature was construed as if it were a product of skill like human art. It was noticed that man in the production of things most valuable always preceded the means with an end conceived in thought. He proposed the result first as an end in his thought, and then disposed his resources to its attainment in face of obstacles foreign to himself. This analogy gave the devout mind a deep sense of an intelligent personal creator and governor of the world *ab extra*. But it fails when the range of thought passes beyond mechanism, transcends contrivance, and engages with the final problem and purpose of all reality. It does not give us an immanent God but a Demiurge. Growth, and not manufacture, is the method of reality. Manufacture, indeed, was but a half-way-house on the road from a theory

of chance to the theory of growth. Plan and its pursuit form but a subsidiary element in all the greatest energies of life. The great products flow not from an understanding which anticipates every perilous juncture and is ready with the right means to deal with alien and intractable material, but from a germinal idea or power which pervades matter, from its central throne makes all things new, and lives in the world it has made. It is so with Christianity, which flows in its true course and conquest of life from the vital principle of faith in Christ. And it is so with every minor product and victory of the spirit on the great scale. Nay, the scheming understanding itself is a product of evolutionary growth.

The lower teleology fails also to deal with the problem raised by pessimism, whether Being blindly blundered on man's suffering soul, and stumbled on a lucid interval of intelligence, out of whose agony it must find its way back into the dark reality which is the ultimate power in things; whether the good of life is not the negation of ultimate reason, purpose, and adjustment; whether thought's business is not to hasten the death of thought and so escape its pain. It fails, too, when it is asked whether the adaptation in the natural world is not imported into it by *our* purposive reason, and imposed by us on what is really no more than the survival of the fittest in the struggle for existence between different forces. We must grant to pessimism that that simple teleology will not apply if we are looking for all things to work together for our natural and worldly weal. An individualist teleology, or an eudaemonist, can no longer be maintained. The world does not exist for the happiness of its several units. It is there for man only as a member of society, and for his happiness as a lover of the kingdom of

God. And we must also concede to the evolutionists that in some regions utility is only provable as the outcome of variation, selection, extinction, survival, and evolution through a conflict of immense duration and infinite experiment. But if it be proposed to limit the whole process of existence to the field of these concessions, to make the principle of natural well-being or biological fitness the scheme to which the whole creation moves, we object to such a dwarfing of life, man, or the world. History alone bears witness to a destiny far beyond a range so narrow. The pessimist must be reminded that an intelligence which embodies purpose and yet is unconscious may be conceivable at the end of an evolutionary series, but not at its beginning. The mechanism of purpose once stumbled on might run on as a kind of unconscious habit, as automatic intelligence without initiative, like the nesting instinct which builds the abode for the family but in thousands of years does not alter its fashion or adjust it better to the creature's need. But this could not be the primal Being. Even if the final unconsciousness were a return to the unconsciousness of the beginning, why must we say that the consciousness which is at least penultimate has no counterpart at the origin of the series? There may be, there is, an unconscious element in mind; but a conscious mind can only arise from conscious mind. The cell capable of development into conscious mind cannot be divorced from conscious mind at the outset without postulating a breach and a miracle greater than the special creation of separate species. Conscious purpose must have presided over the origin of the moral world, however remote or however simple that origin may have been. The *Iliad*, it has been said, could never arise from a fortuitous concourse of letters. And the

infinite interlocking of conditions in the growth of a unitary world of body, soul, and society could never have arisen from an accidental collision of causes all disparate and purposeless.

There is, for life at its last and largest, an end of all things which is only given in the moral world. There are so many cases of maladaptation both in nature and society that it is impossible to base a fixed faith on a teleology which takes account only of the happy adjustment we can trace in either. It is not in nature at all that we can find nature's end. Nor is it in living society that we find the sure word of prophecy as to the social goal. And if it be in history, it is not in history as a series. It is not an induction from the whole area of history (which we see not yet), or the abstraction of an apparent tendency. It is at a point of history, where for once and all the soul becomes a personality as absolute and final as it is in God. In Jesus Christ we have the final cause of history, and the incarnation of that kingdom of God which is the only teleology large enough for the whole world. It is to faith, to the loving soul believing in Christ, that all things work together for good. Let the text be finished. All things co-operate for blessing to them that love a God in Christ reconciling the world, and are the called in His purpose. It is this frame of mind and heart that all nature and history are adjusted to produce at the long last. It is this order of heart that is the destined and called, according to life's original and final purpose in God. And it is this faithful union with Christ that affords to the individual soul power to rise up against the pressure of an environing world and an evolutionary past, and to assert itself with an originality which the vast process tends to stamp out. This is especially so in the case of repentance against a degenerate

past. It is only faith, and faith in Christ, that enables the soul, lamed by its own schism and treason, to resist the tendency to go with the huge natural stream, and to submit to be classed as a thing among things. Each man, indeed, is a child of his age, but only so far as the form of his problems go. Their essence is perennial. And the answer must come from that in him which is both within and above his age, which links him to the Unseen and Eternal and gives him intelligence of its ways. Redemption is the one goal. Christ is the purpose of God for the world. The Redeemer Himself is already our redemption, the Saviour is our sanctification, who Himself is made unto us righteousness and perfection. Our salvation is to be in Christ, and we are complete in Him, in whom and for whom are all things.

Till science appreciate and explain the historic fact of Christ, it has not subdued the world. When He is explained we possess the world's explanation. Only it is an explanation which to science as science is always impossible. For science cannot concern itself with ends or destinies. And these are the categories that explain Christ. It was in these He chiefly wrought. And the Christian explanation proceeds by the knowledge of faith, not of sight; by the faculty which interprets the value of facts, and not simply their cause or co-ordination. It appreciates the why of the world, and not simply its how. Science here is like the balance which says this is heavy and that is light, but cannot say if either be silver or gold.

So, besides the limitations of the evolution doctrine in its own area, there are great areas of existence and life to which it does not apply at all. What solves the biological problem does not solve the philosophic. The formula for the evolution of a section

is not the norm for the evolution of the whole. The great conflict of the age is the battle for a spiritual interior, a spiritual totality, and a spiritual interpretation of life and the world. This is the test of every new doctrine which comes before us. Does it make for the spiritual value of life? Or does it discourage it? Or does it preclude it at the outset? And judged by this test the higher we rise towards man's spiritual life, the more inadequate does the evolutionary principle seem. It would be foolish to say that our spiritual life is unaffected by it; but it would be more foolish to say that it is expressed by it, far less explained. Evolution is not the complete formula for human progress. Righteousness and peace are worth more than mere progress and prosperity, and what does not bring them is neither a revelation nor a gospel.

V.

Reference has been made to the sudden appearance of well developed variations in the biological region, and the same phenomenon is much more striking in the moral and spiritual world. I allude, for instance, to the emergence, at very early and immature stages, of men uniquely endowed, who carry genius to a pitch which all after ages can but submit to admire afar. Homer, Virgil, and Dante, to say nothing of the Bible writers, may have appeared on the summit of particular civilizations, but they belong to the race more than to epochs, nations, or civilizations; and in the history of the race they appeared early, and not late. And the like applies in a higher degree to the appearance of Jesus Christ Himself, as the spiritual focus of the race. Here spiritual mankind produces its blossom long before its leaves. And the finisher of its spiritual life is at the same time the historic author of it

and its fountain-head. Moses created Israel; as Heine said, *er schuf Israel*; he was not its great product. And so the fullness of Christendom is He who made Christendom and was not made by it. Great men are not made great by their *milieu*, which gives them no more than a field and form. It provides them a language, it offers them their problems, and presents them the issues. But the answers are latent in the miraculous quality of their native genius, and not inhaled by them from the spirit of their age. They are not orators who absorb a vapor and give it forth as a flood. They are prophets whose spiritual quality is an original but rational mystery, and whose revelation is as secret in its source as it is fertile in its course.

Whenever we have great spiritual initiative there the theory of natural evolution must retire. Its tendency indeed is to crush out that initiative, and to suppress for ever the individual which for a moment it evoked. Like a stamping machine it goes on to produce an immense number of individuals, but to starve individual variety. It extends the multiplicity of the world, but discourages its characteristics. It increases quantity and reduces quality. It enhances the numbers only to depress the inner wealth and intrinsic resource of life, to increase the people and not multiply the joy. This is the result of a democracy merely natural and evolved.

In the region of moral freedom this is especially true. No freedom of this high sort is possible on a theory of natural selection. And with moral freedom vanishes the initiative which is the real spring of human progress and the real condition of glory. There could indeed be no fall in a purely evolutionary world; but we pay too dearly for the immunity at the cost of that liberty which, if it do make fall possible, is yet the only condition of

true life, as of fresh resurrection. The higher we rose there would be the less power of new departures, and the deeper we fell there would be the less possibility of revival and recovery. The tragedy of existence in the area of natural selection is great enough, the fruitless sacrifice, the pitiless, deadly fate; but if the principle of natural selection were made to cover the whole moral area the tragic meaning of life would die away, we should lose the sense of tears in human things, and we should be left with the sordid miseries that are enacted among creatures incapable of the tragic sense. Concurrently with the victory of Darwinism, literature develops its *Badalia Herodsfoots* and its *Tales of Mean Streets*. To banish the tragic sense from life, as all evolution and much religion of the breezy sort tend to do, is to condemn us to a shallow happiness which has within it the conditions of endless ennui and fatted death. Attention has been called by critics to the present decay of tragedy and the passion for comedy, high or low—and mostly low, or trivial at least. Comedy was the drama of the Restoration, and it turned out the tragedies of the great Puritan age. It is not an accident that a similar taste coincides with the obsession of the public mind by the evolutionary idea. Whatever discourages greatness of soul, spiritual enterprise, and moral initiative makes for the rule of the comic spirit, the mocking, the ironic providence, and it worships the great "Aristophanes of heaven." It is the badge of our evolutionary time, which rejoices in excellent periodicals and is a fine taster of the tertiary poetry, but has little sense for great literature or ultimate thought. It is the index of the suppression of soul and the evolution of everything else, religion included—except faith. And the moral callousness of our present phase of public life and

government, the thirst for empire, the loss of chivalry, and the growth of cynicism, indicate a state of mind produced by a general belief in little higher than the struggle for existence. Let us hope that the collapse of Mr. Kipling's genius indicates also the collapse of the public temper which idolized him.

VI.

The slowness of moral progress also, compared with mere civilization or social evolution, might suggest to us that there is in the moral realm some action which is rebellious to the evolutionary law. How comes it that moral progress is so slow while the advance of civilization gains in velocity as it moves through time? (Is this the acceleration of a falling body?) If moral progress be the chief, how is it that it does not run with all and more than all the accumulated speed of the forces that led up to it? Is it not because in the moral region we are in another than the evolutionary zone, where we must stoop to conquer and go back to leap? We have to return to fight out anew the old conflicts and regain the old conquests. Each man and age has to return for itself to headquarters; and we cannot pick up our goodness, our character, just where our father left off, as we can with his research, his estate, his position. No age can inherit moral worth, as it does civilization, by legacy. We cannot live upon our father's faith as we can on his fortune. An uncertainty keeps invading the moral foundations of life which does not assail its achievements, and we must here know for ourselves. And this return, this arrest, alone suggests a great qualification upon any theory of mere development which pretends to cover the world. When we enter this region, we draw near to the world's centre, where its unity and

totality reside. We are in contact with processes which involve the vital all and regulate the world's soul, processes which are utterly recalcitrant to the formula of a sectional sphere. It is even questioned by many whether in all these centuries of evolution the average man is really better, more worthy and noble in his motive or ideal than he was before. We need not answer the question. The very fact that it is capably raised by men who would never think of stirring the same question about social development in the more outward and natural sense shows that they recognize a vast difference between the two worlds of morals and of civilization in their principles of progress. We may discard, if we think well, the theological explanations which are offered in doctrines like those of original sin or total depravity, but we ought to recognize that they arose first as explanations and were not spun as dreams. They were efforts to explain things which we alert dreamers are pleased to ignore. They were forced from men by the existence of highly intractable facts. And facts which remain when these explanations are discredited. The absence of explanation to-day is due in some part to the absence also of that courage which faced the facts, and that insight which realized their moral seriousness.

But it is something more grave than moral slowness that we have to contend with when we come to the summit of evolution in man: it is moral sedition. It is not mere spiritual reluctance; it is recalcitrance and rebellion. It is not that progress lags but that regress speeds. The higher we rise in the scale of development, the more we are impressed with degeneration as an active and deliberate force. If it be true that there is in man a steady current of exaltation, it is equally true that man also makes his debasement

one of his serious pursuits. There is not only indifference to his good, nor aberration, but hostility, which can be bitter. And this cannot be integrated into any theory of natural development. It belongs to a region which natural faculties can neither explain nor reform. We come to a point where nature, and even genius, must give place to grace, where salvation must take up what development laid down, and redemption give us what even our goodwill failed to attain. We arrive at a perversion whose only remedy is conversion, and to a principle which is revolution rather than evolution, or, in so far as it becomes evolution at all, is the evolution of a fundamental revolution in Jesus Christ. But it is not unjust to say that the vogue of the evolutionary theory, its popular vogue outside of strictly scientific circles, owes much to the fact that it has a great ally in the indifference, passing into hostility, of the average man to moral effort or spiritual height. He would be carried, for he cannot go, like a heathen god.

VII.

There is another consideration. The study of history soon shows that the race does not move forward in an unbroken progress like a mighty stream. There are periods when it seems to contract in all ways, to say nothing of stagnation. It grows narrow without growing deep; and it seems even to settle into malarial swamps. (That it appears to go backward would not matter, because it might be progress none the less. The river may return upon its course in many a curve, moving all the time in growing volume, through a country blessed and beautified, to the sea.) But the analogy of a stream is drawn too much from mere natural process to fit the level of growth where man appears. And

what we have there is rather to be described as progress by crisis, by catastrophes (or, if we keep the previous image, by cataracts). Beyond the steady conflict of the struggle for existence the course of history gets into tangles and knots at particular periods. Seasons of calm and beauty discharge themselves in thunderstorms, which clear the moral air and open space for new energies and new periods. There are harvests which are the end of an age. Good and evil work together till their intrinsic antipathy refuses any longer to be compressed; then there is an explosion which changes the face of things. There comes a day of the Lord, and a new world. The appearance of good often has its first effect in aggravating the energy of evil. The revelation of sanctity is at the same time a revelation of sin: and the growth of the one accentuates the antagonism of the other. The one forces the other to show itself plainly, to throw off its mask, and to put forth all its wicked resource. Grace enters to develop sin into transgression, to bring sin to the surface and make it overt. Then comes the encounter, and the prince of the world is judged. These Armageddons are repeated in history, issuing in waves, as it were, from the central and absolute crisis of the Cross. And what we look down on from God's right hand is a great wager and waver of battle, a winning campaign of many swaying battles, progress by judgment, a rising scale of crises, working out in historic detail to an actual kingdom of God, with its strategic centre and eternal crisis in the death of Christ. The Scripture idea of history is not a stream of evolution but a series of judgments. It is an idea more revolutionary in its nature than evolutionary. It is a series of conversions rather than educations. The world is redeemed rather than per-

fectured, and it is saved by "shocks of doom." It is there that we find the formula of providential evolution, and therefore of all evolution upon the universal scale. The key is a moral one; and the principle of a saving judgment is deeper than that of a guiding providence. Its pattern is very different from the formula of a simple evolution as we might deduce it from the growth of our stature, or the life-history of a species. We have some prelude of it in the catastrophes which have ended epochs or species and made room for others on their graves.

VIII.

I have spoken of the inadequacy of evolution as a formula for the region of spiritual originality, and for that of the morally backward and froward. But there is another area besides, where its writ does not run. I mean the whole world of the changeless which is so indispensable as a background, an interior, nay, a constant source for the world of change. The development of spiritual faculty it is that brings us into touch with this permanent world. As we rise in human affection we realize how fixed the primal passions are. The human heart beats to the same measure to-day as in the Eddas. "Homer's sun lights us, and we see it with the same eyes." The old and aching riddle of life is substantially the same for us as it was for Job. The refinement and flexibility of human relations demand more and more urgently a fixed moral world, an eternal and immutable morality, an authority that cannot be shaken, a standard that is not relative but absolute for the soul. Even change lends itself to a philosophy of development only in so far as it is methodic, calculable change, normal variation, going on by fixed laws, and

partaking of the uniformity of nature. Parallel to all the change is a presence and permanency of law which gives it its scientific value. The laws of the persistence of matter and the conservation of energy are inseparable from every extension of the area of evolutionary change. Without this permanent element evolution is impossible. But it is an element which accompanies the evolutionary process rather than is subject to it. It holds change in a hand that knows no change. The very regularity of change lifts it out of the realm of change. And we are warned here of our approach to a region which is not subject to mutation, but is the source of those very fixtures and orders that convert variation into real progress and life. For the fixity that regulates such change is but an index of a spiritual fixity at once final and fluid, whose true name is the Eternal God, leading all time and marshalling all space.

In the evolution of history we who are alive are not simply at the end of an ordered series, the last links in a continuous chain. The fixed order of the past has not simply made us possible, or been the pedestal on which we stand. But all that is most permanent in the past lives on in us. In a true sense we are all the past. We do not stand apart and regard it simply as a panorama; we embody it and live it out in the conditions of our time. And it is impossible to take a scientific view of our time unless we transcend it, and realize in it the elixir of the past. The spirit of an age can only be valued by reference to an ageless spirit. And, indeed, could we have a present if there were not some spiritual pause within life, some inland lagoon of being, some repose of life within itself, some arrest of perpetual variation and process, and some elevation of the successive points of movement above the mere sequence of time

into the co-existence of eternity? To make all but movement, process, and evolution is to dissolve and empty the present, and to pulverize the soul. We do not realize our present except in the power of a present which is timeless and superior to time and time's methods. If everything in us moved as fast as all around us, there would be no progress, certainly no sense of progress, or even of movement. All would feel stationary. To perceive movement we must be fixed beyond the flux; and that we may call it progress our footing must be above it. For the translation of movement into progress implies a judgment of value. And for such a verdict there must be a place of judgment fixed and secure within both present and past, before whose stable seat the panorama passes and takes sentence as it goes. And what applies to life and history applies to the whole of existence, to all the phenomena of our experience at least. We do not understand any one of them except in its relation to the whole. It is the infinite whole that explains the part and gives it its value and life. It is the whole not only as around the part but as in the parts, not as environment but as soul. In one wide word, the fact, or the time, is only intelligible by the presence and energy in it of eternity. "Every moment," says Goethe, "is of infinite value, it is the representative of all eternity." The moment must not engross and limit us. Something exempt from evolution is the condition. the *πρὸς ὅτι*, not of the evolutionary future alone but of the real present. The condition of all change, and its law, is the changeless; and both evolution and its science are impossible if we renounce the idea of an eternal world which is not subject to its law, neither indeed can be. This eternity has time, and chance, and change not only beside it, but beneath it. They issue

from it and they return to its presence to be judged. And this Eternity must be spirit with its living mastery over time. Without this eternal Spirit there is no knowledge or command of time. Time has not even existence. For two successive points cannot form time unless they cohere in something which is superior to movement and exempt from time. Without this spirit we cannot read time's changes aright. But for this changeless continuum in memory, we could not remember enough to recognize change. That is to say, we have no possible science of evolution except from the vantage ground of an exempt region which evolution does not rule but only partially express. What is it that distinguishes progress from mere extension but some contribution from the timeless life which makes the new thing not simply another thing but a different, not merely a prolongation of the past but an enrichment of it with its own power?

The great movement of life for each generation is not from the present onward into the future; it is from the present upward and outward into the eternity which pervades it, and which does not simply surround it but perpetually receive it. We must cease to construe evolution so exclusively in the category of duration or sequence. We must not view it so much as the advance of the present into the future but as its translation into spiritual reality. We must learn to think more of the qualitative and less of the quantitative movement in things. The social and useful must become the moral and holy. Eternity stands at the heart of each moment, as Christ stands at the heart of all time. This eternity is the source of each mysterious variation, and it is also the unseen providence which controls all the variations to their collective end. It is something that cannot be given by evolution, which is but the formula of a time

process; and it is something that it cannot take away. History, natural or political, survives its agents and its historians, but it cannot outgrow its Maker and Builder, who is God. "What is eternity," says Ritschl, "but the power of the spirit over time?"

IX.

It must be fully recognized, of course, that evolution plays a great part both in the moral soul and in the history of society. Character can only be formed by a process; it cannot be created. And society has no abiding city. A social condition which claims eternal permanence raises its hand against its own mother. It rose from the impermanent, and it must not deny its birth. The social idea is one of constant growth. What arises perishes, what abides is what was always there. But it will be shown later within what limitations this is true, for Christian history in particular. It may be well here, however, after the admission just made, to indicate some dangers of a moral kind which waylay evolutionary doctrine, and to indicate some cautions.

The most obvious peril needs, perhaps, the least attention here, after so much said on the subject by every Christian thinker. It is the erasure of the absolute distinction between good and evil, and the destruction of the idea of sin by the denial of moral freedom. The real danger, after all, is not the doctrine of evolution, but the doctrine of monism which underlies it for so many, with its wiping out of the essential difference between God and the world, right and wrong. Evil is then something which might possibly have God for its Author. Christ is but a phase of life, a flash of history. We have only a less or more, or perhaps a thereabouts. We have only more or less bondage, but no real freedom.

And no freedom means no responsibility and no guilt. Man has never fallen, he has only lagged.² He has not sinned, he has only erred. He has not chosen the evil and refused the good. He has only been handicapped by the start given to the sensual and selfish impulses at the weak outset of his racial history. There is no need of repentance, and no question of forgiveness—unless it be our forgiveness of the Maker who overloaded the first raw stages of our career, and so stunted our growth and reduced our pace. The distinction between good and evil is easily lost if the mind is turned from what is above and concentrated on the things behind. If we are always looking to our issue from matter, we forget that the goal and distinction of man is the spirit of God. We forget that the image of God lies nearer our true origin than any cell or simian. And not only so, but we come to regard sin, and especially reined sin, which loses its grossness without parting with its guilt, as no more than our incomplete stage; and so regarding it we become tolerant of it—tolerant, that is, of what is intrinsically bad, devitalizing, and so at last fatal to that life of the soul which is the true progress of man. Thus the moral principles of evolution are such as make evolution impossible. A thoroughgoing doctrine of evolution destroys the possibility of evolution. A doctrine that issues thus is suicidal. Its principle robs it of power to cast off its deadliest defect. And it need not be pointed out how utterly incompatible it is with a religion which lives and moves in repentance and the faith of a real forgiveness.

X.

But, again, there is much in the doc-

² It is not a question, of course, of the historicity of the narrative of Genesis and the version of a fall given there.

trine of evolution to destroy a feature so essential to moral character as humility. It cannot be good for the soul to look down on all that we look back to. Each age then becomes the object of its own chief admiration. And each man will go on to treat his age as his age treats the past. With the love of humility, sympathy and pity must also be lost. To look down on the past is to lose respect for the present, which is a past ere we have well spoken. To view our long parentage as a sacrifice for ourselves is a habit that must extend in individuals till it become the sacrifice of the whole present to themselves. How alien it all is to the Christian mind! In Christianity the higher we rise the more we realize our imperfection and guilt. It is a great but guilty past we look down on, marvellous but deplorable; and it is *our* past; and as we increase in moral sensibility, and identify ourselves with it by moral sympathy, we become more intolerable to ourselves, till we learn to bear with ourselves in the forgiveness of God. We can abide the past only by grace of that revelation which creates a profound humility in the present. We can read the past, and measure it aright, only as we see it in Christ, in the Eternal thought and, above all, the Eternal purpose. It is our Redeemer that gives us the standpoint of eternity from which alone we truly view each age converging to our feet. It was the same Eternal to whom we bow that stood over each age, read it clear, and received it at last; and we know it best when we read it with His eyes, from our place with Christ at God's right hand. We have clear prospect o'er our being's whole. The largest vision is the humblest; and the vision which does not humble is but partial and false. The progressive spirit is morally hollow, and fatal as well, if it encourage in an age the pride and inso-

lence which not only go before a fall but produce it. There is nothing humbling in a view of the world which is evolutionary and no more. There is much that is crushing at one time, and much that inflates us at another. But there is nothing to teach our dying life that in dying behold we live!

XI.

Again, the moral inquirer might ask whether it is the highest qualities that this struggle for existence draws out when it is extended from the biological to the social area and made a principle of action. He might observe, with pain, that as the struggle grows older and more refined it is the commoner, not to say meaner, faculties that succeed. Courage succumbs to cunning, and nobility to astuteness. Democracy, as giving the freest scope to the struggle, does not tend to produce really great men. In many ways it is a moral failure. Its idols are not of the finest quality. Its potentates are of the earth earthy. Its affinities are with a plutocracy rather than with an aristocracy, either of taste, principle, genius, or faith. It is venal and gullible. It is not certain that in this struggle the better will prevail or the worthiest find place. The fittest are often the least worthy. And it is certain that the tendency at least is to supersede coarseness by cleverness, and simplicity by ignoble art.

For it is another drawback to evolution that it measures everything by present utility and treats nothing as an end in itself. It tends to exclude purpose and dwell in utility. Everything is viewed as it may contribute to some fashion of life conceived and not revealed. We cultivate an earthly other-worldliness. We aspire to a mere millennium at best. Some Utopia is our goal, not a present God. Nothing is of final and absolute value

within life. This inevitably means a hardening and flattening of life, and it breeds that vehement restlessness of the hard, the tense, and the lean. We are not living, but always wanting to live. We live in gasps, dashes, and breathless moments. Our object is motion and not action; life is something we snatch at, and the iridescent bubble bursts as we seize. We live in a passion for the thrilling, the new, the next article. We crave for effects, sensation, all the monotonous kaleidoscope of the average man, and the dreary excitements of suburban mediocrity. Attention is monopolized not by life but by its lenitives, or by the means of living, or of aggrandizing life. The absolute value of the individual disappears. The mere fact of the individual, it is true, is exaggerated. He is insulated as atom from all the rest of the world by the absence of any but a causal nexus. He is knit into no fabric of purpose or destiny, of sympathy or glory. His existence, his demands are extravagantly emphasized. But meantime his worth is diminished. He grows as a unit, but he fades as a world. He has place and force, but no interior, no meaning. He is a quantity without quality. He issues, in the most favored cases, as the unmoral *Uebermensch*. The right of the weak vanishes, as does the pity for the weak. The infinite preciousness of the soul sinks. The value of life decays. With the soul's worth sinks the soul's freedom. Liberty is of small account. "Empire" and "firm government" engross men's thought and care, as ends and not means. Religious zeal and even unction are found to co-exist with moral stupidity and vulgarity. These are fruits which we see only too palpably round us. And they are much due to the extent to which evolution has unconsciously become a theology, and has ceased to be a scientific hypothesis. It has spread, by an act of im-

aginative and non-moral faith, from being a theory of nature to be a solution of the world, from a fact of observation to be a philosophy, even a guide of life, nay, a form of religion. From a sectional formula it becomes the principle of the whole. From a method it has become a doctrine, and then with the stalwarts a dogma. Have the extravagant claims of a narrow theology ever been more grasping and withering than this in certain well-known cases? It is a case of hasty idealization in which imagination plays as much part as knowledge, and dogmatism ousts philosophy. A leap is made for an aesthetic and imposing completeness of system which is a work of art more than science. We are supplied at best with an object of reverence rather than faith, and a source of enthusiasm rather than love, wherewith to replace the spiritual trusts and divine affections that have been thrown away on the plea of being outgrown.

XII.

The doctrine of evolution is a record, or a theory, and not a standard. If it aim at perfection it carries no clue to what perfection is. It has no absolute cosmic end. If it speak of moral perfection, it works in a circle: it is begging as its definition the question to be solved. It has taken for granted that perfection is morality. It has not told us, and cannot tell us, what moral, as distinct from material or civilized, means. So the world has gone, it says; but it has no word of how the world should go, or shall. You cannot educe the conscience from a mere happy complex of natural tendency or aspiration. You cannot get a "must" out of mere spontaneity. And if it point the individual to his own perfection and the culture of a beautiful and symmetrical character, it talks from a balloon, not

from the experience of life. It substitutes an aesthetic for an ethic. It takes no account of the one-sidedness of all endowment, on the one hand; nor, on the other, does it realize the limitations placed on everybody who is not a Goethe by the necessities of their calling and its inevitable development of them in particular directions. It is not the balanced men that are the "providential personalities." A defect of faculty which spoils our balance, mental or temperamental, is not necessarily a moral defect.

And evolution is a theory of but a part of the universe. When it does not extinguish a soul, it leaves the soul without a law of duty, because it leaves it without a goal of endeavor. It gives us a formula for certain facts, but no precept or obligation for moral acts. It describes certain procedure, but provides us with no test of life and no rule of judgment. Supposing that evolution has brought us to where we are, is there any real reason for pursuing the path of that progress? What means has the evolution of the past for convincing us that the same course should rule the future? Are the blessings of progress so unmingled and indubitable as to leave no room for doubt that it must be the formula of the future? How can evolution convince us of its claim to be the method of all time and of all existence? There was a time when the idea did not exist, as man's conscious principle at least. Antiquity was occupied with the idea of fixity, finality, and not movement, not progress. Is it certain, on evolutionary grounds alone, that we ought not to return to that idea of the *beati possidentes*, though now perhaps on a larger scale? The river moves to the sea by many a backward turn; how shall we know that the sea does not lie to the rear of our whole previous course, and that the present or proximate age may not be the point at

which history turns to retrace its way, forsake the old direction, and seek its destination in an ocean as monotonous as the billows of mist and cloud where it rose? The mere evolution and variety of existence is a very empty and abstract creed. We must know that what is evolutionary is humane, is heart, conscience, and soul, something with inalienable feature and spiritual nature. And this is a certainty that evolution in itself, the mere formula of the physical and social past, cannot give us. It gives us an endless increase of complexity, but it does not give us in its midst the infinite simplicity, repose, and character, which are the staying power of life, the source of its mightiest ideals, and the seat of its permanent authority. It increases change, sacrifice, and pain. It sets history in a bloody flux. Some powerful thinkers have concluded that all progress in civilization means a decay of happiness, that sensibility to pain grows keener, while the appetite for enjoyment becomes more intense. Civilization, they say, develops wants more quickly than it can supply them, and rends the soul, even to collapse, with desires which it can neither satisfy nor control. Development increases discontent and destroys illusions, till life goes out in dust. The theory of evolution is then incompatible with the culture of happiness or the communion of blessedness. It does not enhance for us that eternal and inmost power which is our refuge, recompense, and courage after the worst that the outward world can do to unsettle, pierce, foil, and crush us. That refuge and that goal, that finality of thought and power, that spring of heart and hope, is only to be found in the moral soul. And our authority can only be found in the great white throne where, in the soul, Christ sits at the right hand of God. The goal of a humane end is a different thing from

the formless goal of an indefinite progress. The progress does not guarantee the humanity. And the Christian position is that this truly, universally, and finally humane end of action is to be found both as ideal, as impulse, and as authority only in the redemption by Jesus Christ; which divine rescue is the greatest source in the world of human progress.

XIII.

I have admitted the large extent to which evolution must be recognized in the course of history, which has now been changed from the picture-book to a great and ordered treatise. Human history becomes the evolution of purpose. And since Christ, it appears as the evolution of the redeeming purpose of God. The revelation of this purpose was indeed the first influence that led to the construing of history as a vast historic evolution; and it remains the greatest of such influences. Christ, it was seen, could not be crucified again. When He entered history once for all it gave to all history the unity of His person and work. And a universal history presided over by one purpose must be an organic and an evolutionary history as soon as the catastrophic idea of the parousia in the New Testament had disappeared from practical expectation. All things were moving to the city of God shining upon the far horizon of expanding time. The antique idea vanished in which history was a series of cycles or periods repeating each other without a common aim or progress. All that had gone before had been working up to Christ, and all that followed was to work Him out. And to-day this is the theme to which the historical process moves. No doctrine of evolution is sound history, or other than sectional, which does not leave place for the redeeming purpose of God by intervention and

revolution, and take its own place under it. No evolutionary order must exclude that moral teleology whose key is not in nature or society but in the kingdom of God. Natural process does not carry with it its own explanation or reveal its own goal. And the crucial point of this issue, the focus of the problem, is the historical appearance of Christ which publicists persist in refusing to assess. It is true that He came in a fullness of time. He was long prepared for, long prophesied by men who did not know all they said. But Christ was not simply the product of the past, He was not merely the flowering of His race, the fruitage of the soul, the genius of goodness. The spiritual life He represents is not another faculty but another self. It is a new order of life, a new kind of reality, and a new test of it (indeed, the final test, as being eternity in action). It is not a new energy in man, but man, the whole eternal man, as a new energy, with a new power to give scope and value to every partial and inferior energy which swells the forces of civilization. Not only was His character a divine act, but His gospel was still more so. God not only produced Him, but acted finally through Him. It is thus that He gives us the fixed point at which we can make stand against the torrent of civilization, and bring our hurried evolution to its moral senses. We get foothold in the Eternal. For the spiritual life in Christ is not a mere feature or aspect of man taken by himself, but it is the whole man, as partaker and agent of a higher being than his own, and an eternal. Psychology will not explain Christ—as it cannot explain the inspiration of the prophets whose burden He was. He produced the prophets more than they produced Him. They came because He had to come. And we could say this even if we denied that His heavenly personality had been the agent of

their inspiration. Again, He Himself grew. He grew even in the clearness of His grasp of the work given Him to do. It may be that the cross was not in His first purview. But when all such things have been admitted, He is not explained. He is not explained when we have made all due concessions to the historical treatment of His religious environment. The connection between Him and His antecedents is not causal, but teleological. He was the inspiration of prophecy, as its end more even than as its immediate source. He was, as Hegel would say, the "truth" of prophecy. He was not a product of the past so much as of the future. He was the reaction of all eternity upon time, an invasion of us by that Eternal of whom the future and the unseen is a part so much greater than all we see in the past. Always the best is yet to be; but also the best is the God who always is. Christ was the product of the final divine plan and the absolute divine purpose, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. He was more of a miracle than a product, the intervention of the Great Final Cause more than the Great First Cause, a miracle of grace more than a miracle of power. He was not the expression of latent law, but the incarnation of unique Grace, utterly and for ever miraculous, however we read His birth, and however we treat His wonderful works.

XIV.

And the like applies to the history of His Church. Much has been done, and much is to do, in the application to the Church's history of the evolutionary principle. Doctrine especially has been powerfully shown to be an evolution of the thought of faith, faith's progressive consciousness of itself. But let no such fascination blind us to the miraculous, the revolutionary nature

of the faith itself thus evolved. That is the product of no psychical process. We believe in the Holy Ghost. We believe in the essentially miraculous nature of the spiritual life. With and beneath all the historic evolution of the Church is the perpetual self-reformation of the gospel, the new creative action of the Spirit, His inspiring and guiding presence by the supernatural power of a real effectual communion with the miraculous Christ. It is the very nature of the Church to be supernatural, as it was the nature of the Church's indwelling Lord—
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supernatural in His soul and work, however, we regard His actual entrance on the world. History, indeed, does not give destiny, but in Christ destiny is given in the midst of history, by the way of history, and under historic conditions. Revelation is a historic fact, but with a value much more than historic. It is the decisive, absolute incarnation in a soul of that eternity which each moment only represents—but does represent, if it is viewed scientifically, viewed in relation to the whole of reality.

P. T. Forsyth.

HOW THE VILLAGE PAID THE DEBT.

I.

In a place where the payment of ready money had been as a creed taught in catechism days, such a thing as a debt lay like a bogey on the shoulders of the Village, weighing down the spirits of its inhabitants, when it stalked in their midst, or waited at the doorways down the street. It was a word the Highly Respectable would have parsed as an abstract noun, because they could neither see, feel, nor touch it. A public debt too, which only the Village as one man could wipe out, for it was the sum of £25 owing for a new harmonium, which had come to replace one, not unknown possibly in the days when Jubal handled harp and organ.

In the ugliest house in the Village, but because it stood high and overlooked its neighbors, lived a wealthy but eccentric spinster, to whom church, parson, and curate were as hobbies to be ridden, in many cases rough-shod and whip in hand, but usually to their ultimate welfare. She ruled the people also, but to them it seemed but interest they paid for doled charities, which

they would have missed as the loss of gray blankets.

"We want a new harmonium badly," had ventured the Parson, who was Perpetual Curate in the clerical scale, and diffident, also poor accordingly.

"Why?" demanded brusquely the Gray Spinster.

"The old one is worn out, and has been for some time."

"Get a new one then, and don't come bothering me."

"But new harmoniums cost—"

"Hearts alive, man, I don't suppose you get them for nothing! But if I say, get a new one, it means I'll pay the cost, only don't set every silly sheep in the Village bleating that it's my doing."

The Perpetual Curate essayed thanks, but they were as completely brushed away as if a housemaid had swept them up with the crumbs, so he took up his faded wideawake and set off to write to Messrs. Jubal of London Town, with ready pen and a joyful heart.

On the evening of the day of the new harmonium's arrival, the soul of the Gray Spinster was required of her.

Her heir, a distant relative, was a hard man and avaricious; even the paying of legacies to long-serviced men and maids was, as said one, "like drawing a check tooth." It will be thus understood that to him the keeping of a merely verbal promise was of no account; he hardly took the trouble to laugh his surprise that the Village should think it would be. "My cousin was a most estimable woman," he allowed to the Parson, "but possessed of obsolete ideas." With that he dismissed the subject; it is possible he might at one time have had his share of the milk of human kindness, but he kept it so long unused that it had turned to curds at last.

There remained the debt to pay. The Parson paced his lawn daily, and, alternately with composing Sunday sermons, laid the matter before a couple of little stone boys who guarded the entrance to a top-heavy, earwig-peopled arbor. From the days of his predecessors they had held stone baskets on their heads, from which dribbled, in their season, long-limbed nasturtiums, Aaron's Beard, Creeping Jenny, and the like. It was early winter, and the stone baskets, bare of plants, caught only drifted leaves and the pale loose petals of out-of-season flowers as they fell. The little stone boys looked cold, though the rank grass reached up kindly to their ankles; their features had suffered from the summers and winters they had faced together, and this possibly gave the smile of stolid inattention with which they waited on the Parson's remarks. "The half of my goods I would give," quoth he, "to rid us of this debt, but, as it is, my income is out of proportion to the calls upon it, and mundane considerations obtrude on the spiritual needs of my flock. It is not meet that we should serve tables as Peter justly declares, but I have no alternative."

For though debt was practically unknown in the Village, its first cousin care traded at the gates with a lean purse.

Farmers smoked many pipes in company at each other's homestalls, and after comparing last year's crops and this year's prices, fell to debating the debt, which diminished not as did their tobacco in the process. Not that it touched them acutely, but rather bore the same relation to their interest in the fattening and selling of their stock, as does our perfunctory commiseration for our brother the heathen; we are sorry for him comparatively, but for ourselves we are sorry superlatively, which is different.

The baker took longer going his rounds and the milkman sold extra quarter-pints of skim milk at such houses as were rented chiefly by ladies good at giving advice but careless in the matter of dates. Lesser lights met at *The Dewdrop Inn*, which name may be a mere coincidence or a punning invitation on the part of the landlord. The Village Feminine wore the matter threadbare in front parlors and back sitting-rooms, sewing suggestions into shirtsleeves and wristbands, and darning deliberations into their children's socks and stockings.

Considered by position the first lady in the Village, since the Squire's sister married and went north, and his aunt died and went home, considering also the recent departure of the Gray Spinster,—the Parson's wife suggested timidly, for the Village atmosphere was such as forbade the airing of unsupported opinions,—"Would a sale of work in the Curatage drawing-room be any good, do you think?"

When one took a birdseye view of the labor entailed in the dismantling of what was virtually a china-shop and knickknack-museum, for the purpose of converting it into a mart for the buying and selling of goods, one realized

what a spirit of self-sacrifice adorned this meek woman. But the collection of fancy articles which accumulated for the yearly sale of work, being for the most part fearfully and wonderfully made, had the drawback of seldom getting sold. There were bead mats, wool mats, and straw mats; crochet antimacassars, some of which had gone yet one step further on the road to ugliness by being dipped in colored dyes, even as faded and many seasoned beauties are gowned variously to deceive their appraisers; book-markers, kettleholders, wax flowers with wire stems, with their woolly sisters likewise wired, were all there, indeed some had reached so advanced an age as to be looked upon as Village heirlooms. Children's garments multiplied, but mothers eyed them derisively as being for the most part fashioned by spinster fingers which had scant idea of the stretching capacity of young limbs.

Therefore, to be just, it was with something besides a spirit of self-sacrifice,—for it was in a spare cupboard at the Curatage these treasures overflowed,—that the Perpetual Curate's wife made her suggestion. But the Village decided that a sale for aught but to aid the financial side of converting the heathen, might so infringe on that cause's revenue, as to be, in a manner, robbing Peter to pay Paul.

"But let us have a sewing-party at any rate," said a little thin woman, with so few interests in life that, apart from sewing-parties and similar excitements, she made her cat's want of appetite of paramount importance in her household, and the death of her canary a real and deplorable calamity. "While we are making things for next autumn's sale," she went on, "we might think of a way to pay the debt. I tried hard to think last night when I was sitting up with dear Trixy, who has influenza." Trixy was her dog.

"Let us meet soon and think quickly," urged another, who found the study of mankind to womankind of more absorbing interest than the welfare of tame beasts. "I declare the gentlemen can talk of nothing else; it's quite time they had something to distract their attention from it."

"Perhaps the debt distracts because we've lost the power to attract," lazily suggested the most beautiful woman present.

So they met to sew at the house of the People's Churchwarden, who being a man of ambition and aspirations, (save where the letter H was concerned), furnished his big wide-windowed rooms in what he was pleased to call Louise Cart'orse style. "Up at the big furniture shop in London," he would explain, "they gave me the choice, with estimates, of Louise Quinsy or Louise Cart'orse. I tossed, and it came down Cart'orse. French they tell me, and to judge by the unsubstantialness of the chair-legs, I should say it was."

His wife was a breezy hospitable body, who welcomed her intimate friends with kisses which suggested the salute of twenty-one guns, and talked, as well as wrote, with a profusion of inverted commas. In earlier days she had displayed a habit rather of flopping than of sitting; of this the slender-legged furniture acquired by her husband, had somewhat cured her, but a sofa always attracted her as a magnet draws a needle. Her house was in high favor with sewing members, who were outwardly impressed by its furniture, while inwardly their minds were intent on paying it the sincerest form of flattery in their own homes; tea-cakes offered themselves in endless variety, and one could watch the slow consumption of crumbs, as with analytic tongue and judicial eye their brains weighed out ingredients the while.

The afternoon in question being one of discussion as well as sewing, it followed that lords attended ladies, Jacks came with Jills, and Darby accompanied Joan. A sprinkling of spinsters followed in the wake of their more fortunate sisters, lonely and hungry looking, as those who have missed their chance of picking up gold and silver on Tom Tiddler's Ground, and have perforce to hug to narrow chests the cold comfort of being useful instead. The Perpetual Curate and his brother the Assistant Curate were there, as also a Shepherd from an adjoining fold, the Churchwardens, and a stray bachelor whom the rustle of feminine skirts drew, as mushrooms are drawn by the moon.

Tongues flew faster than needles, for there was that demoralized feeling about the assembly such as pervades a school when its master is absent. They missed the Gray Spinster more than they would have thought possible,—the lynx eye and caustic tongue of their patroness, her spare, bony face looking out under a gray patch of hair, above which towered a bonnet whose original shape the oldest inhabitants could not with certainty describe; they only knew that the years added to it, chiefly by way of fruit, to which on occasion a loop or a bow reluctantly gave place. They called it the Orchard for so many fruits were present after their kind, till at length, not so much from weight of years as of bonnet, Death released its wearer. They missed her, most unaccountably, who seldom sewing herself, kept other needles busy, while she read aloud; generally the Lives of Missionaries, and whether they died violent deaths, sudden or peaceful, her relentless voice galloped them to their end. Tea only stayed the work of fever or cannibals till the following week, or if a short chapter closed their career, more precipitately than ever was the seal set

to their doom, amid a fanfare of teaspoons jingling against teacups. None found courage to step into her shoes, nor indeed was asked to do so, and after a sort of funeral oration over the body of Cæsar, they passed on to the debt which Cæsar had unwittingly left them.

There floated on the waters of conjecture the suggestion of a concert, as a means of raising money, and so numerous were voluntary helpers, it was at one time feared performers would outnumber audience, and the Perpetual Curate's brother, who undertook to weed tares from wheat, had an unthankful task.

There was present a Dressmaker, a lady by birth on a beggar's income, who had long since given up taking fashion by the forelock, but instead, with asthmatic tendencies, panted in the rear of his coat-tails, finding in time not a Deserted Village, but herself deserted by the Village, and life a threadbare garment on less than forty pounds a year. But with a starved frame she held a high head, and told the same unbelievable story at each working-party, that she was up to her eyes in sewing, but felt her needle must sometimes work in the cause of charity.

It was at dusk, when it was too dark to sew and too early to light up, that the weak tired eyes had a trick of running water behind their spectacles.

Have we not all a vanity which some of us wear on our watch-chains, and some keep warm but hid beneath the cloak of humility?

The little Dressmaker thought she could sing, and, with a heart beating against her skimpy alpaca bodice, told the company assembled that in her young days the gentry round had complimented her on her voice. "Even now with practice, it was equal to little songs,—little light songs."

"Certainly, certainly," agreed the

Perpetual Curate genially; "we should be delighted I'm sure, and so will the ladies,—er—"

An ominous silence gave the Perpetual Curate a sort of feeling that he had stepped in where angels feared to tread, so he turned to his wife, as was his custom, agreeing with all his parishioners had to say, and then trotting comfortably away while she did the necessary disagreeing. A pucker which made her eyebrows meet, was the only sign she ever gave of not liking the job, as now. "Thank you so much, so kind of you," she murmured; "we must think about it"; then she too paused, and ended by thrusting her baby, metaphorically speaking, into the breach, told how he had cut a tooth since last working party, his manner of cutting it, and his forwardness even among the forward babies of the village, but—

"I always say that nearing sixty, nobody's got a voice worth speaking of, let alone singing on a platform," crushed the wife of a farmer who rented most acres in the Parish.

The Dressmaker drooped reproved and her eyes unaccountably watered, for in spite of being unassuming in manner and negatively dowered by Nature, the soul of the little needle-plyer had always longed to do something in public, and public to her only meant the sight of her name in print on the programme of a village concert. What if she were nearing the debatable ground of sixty, environed by her spare, preserved old-maidism? She had held with a tenacious grasp to lingering remnants of her youth; little vanities of twenty, which had been forgivable at thirty, had no reason for existence at fifty it seemed, and must be gathered up and put away out of sight with the lavender of memory, or if perchance ever taken out to look at, how contemptible they must appear in the strong light of middle age and common-

sense. They should do so to herself, only she had been weak as a young thing, and it is hard when one is old and weak and nobody cares.

There was a glimmer of mistake here, for the Miller's Daughter, red of cheek and broad of shoulder as also of tongue, cared and was sorry for the "old body." She said pertly: "There's some of us hasn't got a voice this side of sixty and never will have. I'm turble sorry for 'em." She could say this, having such a great wholesome volume of sound welling up within her, that village churchgoers could chronicle, and ill spare, her Sundays when she went visiting her "young man's people t'other side o' th' turnpike." That she would sing at the concert, was a matter of course, for wilfully uncultured though her voice was, not a note rang false; only joy shone in her eyes as, without effort, she poured out her talent prodigally.

The Curate's brother sang likewise, and yet not *like*, nor altogether *wise*, for by comparison his voice was as the wind whispering through grasses by the marsh stream, so thin one could almost see it twine about the Adam's apple in his throat, trailing reedily from his stretched lips. He had once started intoning prayers at Morning Service, but the Perpetual Curate, who had been as a father to him from his youth up, continued the relationship.

The latter, after persuasion, agreed to read something from Dickens, and later promised irritably to his wife, that he would put a little spirit into it; "not as if you were reading an Ash Wednesday Service dear; Mr. Pickwick and Sam Weller are so different from that," urged she, who wished him to shine, and strove ever to raise the bushel from his light. She herself offered to play a duet with a neighboring parson's wife, one they had hammered out together as school-girls, a

promise of better things to follow and therefore an excellent opener.

After the manner in which birds of a feather are said to seek their kind, in the Louise Cartorse furnished drawing-room middle-aged bonnets gravitated towards the fireplace, for it was November and chilly, by reason of the dripping of rain and dropping of leaves; while the hats of their daughters clustered like a swarm of bees to the precincts of a bow-window. Little work was promised and less given, but they made a bid for originality, swerving from the conventional road-tracks of village custom. "If besides playing duets and singing and reading," said they, "two or three of us could act a small,—that is to say, quite a little play."

"Impossible," declared the wife of him who farmed most acres in the Parish, snapping her lips over teeth which did not admit of their being left long unguarded. "Impossible! It can't be done."

No greater incentive could the Village daughters have for persisting, and, mindful of past slights, the little Dress-maker lifted up her shabby, wornout voice. "I'd make any dresses you required, at merely nominal prices, my dears," said she, "if I don't get any mourning orders between then and now."

"You wouldn't try anything very ambitious?" urged a lady whose daughters esteemed even Shakespeare lightly, and mangled his literary remains at birthday celebrations and Christmas festivities.

"Oh, quite a little simple play," she was soothingly assured by half a dozen, each with a conviction that she alone would prove a suitable heroine. Later it will be gathered that weeding again became necessary.

"Up at Roadsend Farm they could help," said a hitherto silent listener. "They give entertainments out in the

oast to the farm-laborers. Even little Mick recites."

II.

On a night of that week between Christmas and New Year, which is as an anteroom wherein we fold gently our memories of the Christ Child, even as we touch softly and without haste the left-off garments of dead little ones, looking up to nod a good-bye to the Old Year who is putting his house in order ere he turns his face to the wall,—the Village gave its concert. For nine days the snow had fallen and all the fields were under a white wonder, and where the brown earth had been intersected by lines and wrinkles which men call roads and lanes, it was clothed in a seamless garment as of samite. On the tenth day snow ceased falling, and it was the day of the concert.

The Village collectively owned a big-bodied, lumbbersome chariot called a fly, with moth-eaten linings and musty smelling. Or rather they owned it theoretically, for when it came to hiring it out, and, as now, all the Village ordered it, the proprietor would start full early, make hay while the sun shone, and turn a deaf ear to those who got there too soon and to those who arrived too late. But having mercy on the springs of his carriage and the sinews of his beast, he objected to driving through snowdrifts and, fearing no rival but the Village omnibus, sent the butcher round on horseback with the curt notice that "his 'oss wouldn't be took out that hevenin' fur nobody." Some wondered if a persuasive note would grease the wheels, but the butcher reported his friend as "pig-headed and not to be turned."

A characteristic of country folk is their objection to being outdone by circumstances,—which is pigheadedness also; so somehow and anyhow there were few who did not venture

out that night. The Roadsenders stumbled in single file down a path dug out and piled high on either side, as stood the waters at the passing of the Israelites, to where a farm-wagon waited them, and with mighty creaks and rumblings the snow-clogged wheels turned slowly in the direction of the Village school-room.

Straw to the knees kept them warm, and a lantern threw patches of light on the snow. Gregory was footman in the play which had refused to be suppressed! Letitia, with a voice wrapped carefully in shawls, was to sing, and little Micky, by way of practice, repeated the fate of Casablanca a great many times against his mother's shoulder.

Stray lanterns flitted past them up the Village street, and lights from upper windows threw shadows on the blinds. Gregory whooped shrilly when they passed the house where dwelt two maiden ladies, whose niece was Letitia's friend, and, in answer to Letitia's indignant prod, said: "Guessed she was at work with the curling tongs; made her jump, burnt her front hair off."

"I'll pay you out," said Letitia, who remembered no remotest period of her life when there had not been civil war (and not always civil) between her and Gregory.

Treading carefully in pattens down a brick path and under a yew arch, came Miss Job o' Mending, whose Christian name will need verifying what time there is recorded in the Annals of the Poor the day her last job o' mending was rolled up, for at all times she had some on hand.

"Do you never make?" one asked her. To which she answered: "Now and again, but not often. There's more than enough making goes on in the world, what with making trouble, making shift, making believe, and making a fuss, making mistakes or making

new clothes, so I keep to mending." She was drawing on carefully now, for they had been mended so often, a pair of thread gloves, and it was said she took such sorts of sewing to the Curatage working parties. As the wagon jolted past her, she called cheerily: "Fine night for the concert my dears, I can only catch sight o' you young gents in the lantern light. How's Ma, and how's Pa?"

"Ma's here and Pa's got a cold," called out Dan, her favorite by reason of the practical jokes he had played on her, "Which," she argued, "shows the boy must ha' been thinking of me or he wouldn't ha' done 'em." "Have a ride in our carriage, Miss Job o' Mending?" he shouted; "there's room in the straw beside me."

Through the keen air they heard her answer: "No, no, my dear and thank you kindly, but there's only a step 'twix' my house and school-house."

The omnibus lumbered up coincidentally with the wagon, and its horses were unharnessed under a walnut tree close to the school-door, for this chariot, not unlike a hearse in build, was later to do duty as a green-room for the hero, villain, and a footman in the play.

The school was filling fast in spite of the weather, and squeezed into a cupboardlike anteroom the lady performers left hats and cloaks.

A rickety table supported a small looking-glass, a comb, and a candlestick wherein a tallow dip guttered feebly. There was much pushing and scuffling, and remarks such as: "I do believe, Ma, my hair's coming down" (sympathy and hairpins from the mother). "And look, my fringe is all out of curl!" (elderly fingers imitate corkscrews and fight for possession of the looking-glass). "Fasten this hook for me and tell me if I shall do," inquiringly from a third (fumbling in the twilight of one candle and efforts to

get nearer to it). New arrivals heralded their coming by the knocking of snow-clogged boots against the door-sill, and told of difficulties surmounted on the way. How Jack, recently engaged to Jill, insisted on driving her in his dogcart which overturned and landed them in a ditch. Jill declared she liked it, for they were a couple so entirely and aggressively engaged, that a brother had been heard to complain, "There was no chance of finding them disengaged till they got married."

At the further end of the school-room was the platform, carpeted with crimson cloth since the Squire's daughter married and they had spread it to the church for her white satin shoes to tread on. On it were the Perpetual Curate, his brother and both Churchwardens, trying to hang lamps where there were nails and where there were not.

"For all the world like hanging up saucepan lids in the dark," said an old woman in the sixpenny seats, whose fingers itched to set them right, having but scant respect for men's handiwork indoors. She had been heard to say, with no notion of irreverence: "The Lord knowed what He wur about when He set Adam to field work, for no doubt his fingers was too clumsy for house jobs."

Laughter and wit came alike from the sixpenny seats; those in the shilling and eightpenny rows sat with a judicial air and faintly clapped; those at the back of the room made up for it by stamping, shouting and lustily taking up the choruses.

Steadily the room filled till some had to sit on the edge of the platform facing the audience, and the Schoolmaster beamed with the air of having given a party and called his neighbors in, for the walls, which mapped forth in square miles and seaboard the extent and glory of British Possessions, did but cover, as it were, those of his sit-

ting-room. He scattered programmes and smiles, turning at times a menacing eyelash on the children, who applauded at his wink, holding "Muster Skoo'marster" greatly in awe. Later he thundered forth *The Charge of the Light Brigade* with Balaklava-like effect, at the end not bothering to descend from the platform, but waiting calmly till he should get his *encore* from an obedient dependency. Yet was this man an anomaly in the village, for there sat at home, scorning such frivolities as concerts, a diminutive dusty-haired woman, with a small peaked face and thin nose, who ruled the big man with a rod of iron. And not only was he hen-pecked past belief, but a family of small dusty-haired, peak-faced daughters held him chicken-pecked as well. Only a boy who happened midway between eight girls, red-faced as his father and soft of heart under a gruff voice, said once, deprecatingly: "S'pose you don't think, dad, you and me could hook it one day when they've got an extry big row on?" But they never did, and later Village records tell how the son married a woman as like his mother as two peas in a pod.

A trifle late, and sidling up the room under cover of a duet, with an effaced yet proud air, came Letitia's friend, the Companion. The concert was an event in her gray life; she had even bought a new frock for it, which was also gray, but only comparatively, and a joy to its wearer, who had such a love for pretty clothes and was an artist in the selection of them. She was chiefly acquainted with the society of the place through her Aunts' parlor window, beheld from the safe distance of a muslin short blind. Indeed she saw much of life over the top of a muslin short blind, and the seasons variously emblazoned or caricatured by the ladies of the Village. She had once written a short article on Spring Fash-

ions which found acceptance in a local paper, and was never sure if she were more glad or sorry that not a soul in the place guessed it was meant to be sarcastic. She sang small sad songs in a tear-flecked voice, which went to the heart of the Miller's Daughter, who loving all things great or small, wanted often to catch up the little thing against her broad chest; but the Companion's manner, fringed and tasselled with an aloof pride, forbade all such advances, if indeed conscious of them.

She seldom spoke of how she looked after the Aunts, while the years made lines in her young face, thinking drearily of the probable life that lay before her. It was well enough for the rich unmarried woman; she had her home and folks came about her, and made much of her, and if at times she could see, beneath the attention and the fawning, eyes whose lids would not always shut over calculating plans, hands which, however controlled, would sometimes move with a certain grasping fingering of things not theirs, and if voices unconsciously dropped stage platitudes,—well, the rich spinster could shut her own eyes and stuff cotton-wool in her own ears,—that was her look-out. But the poor one; the lean hungry woman whose bony hands were red-knuckled through much work and scanty gloving; whose tired feet must always run on other folks' errands; whose interests must be made of others' interests because her shrivelled income will not allow her the luxury of having interests of her own; whose tired tuneless voice must read aloud the monotonous day through or recount the petty tittle-tattle of her surroundings! The Companion might have spared herself these sad musings, as we all might when the fit is on us. Years after, a lonely man who came suddenly and unaccustomedly into a portion of this world's goods, looked

bewilderedly round, for he had only learned the earning and never the spending of money. He found the Companion, and, remembering past years, they together sowed with it the seeds of many fair flowers among the gray weeds of others' lives.

The Perpetual Curate, obedient to previous instructions, gave a solemn reading cheerfully.

Somebody from a neighboring village played *Lieder ohne Worte* in the way that rests tired people, feeling through the melodies and clinging round our memories.

Next the heart of the Mother from Roadsend, rose in her mouth and pride glistened in her eyes as they hoisted little Micky on to the platform, a tiny forlorn figure, his face aureoled with its sunshiny hair, turned piteously to "Muv-ducky," for so his baby lips always called her, wishing above everything he were tucked against her shawls, instead of so horribly alone with a sea of faces round him. But she who loved him best braced and held him with her shining eyes, as he told the story of Casablanca. To the end the baby voice sweetly told it, then kindly arms reached out and gave to the mother her own again.

The turn of the actors came at length. Bashful and red and tittering they marched the length of the room, for green-room and stage were as the poles asunder. The hero and villain were mild country specimens of their kind; the heroine, nervous and flurried, clutched her satin gown which was too long in front, with moist fingers, looked imploringly at the prompter and enviously at her maid, who being the Miller's Daughter and not acting at all, succeeded the best.

The audience was good-natured, criticizing maybe, but more lavish of praise than blame; their feelings were not lacerated when the villain with a wobbly sword slew the hero in

a not necessarily vulnerable spot, whereat the heroine swooned, and the footman, with the ladysmaid's assistance, carried out the remains. Exit the Drama.

A Toy Symphony followed, for in the country we give you much for your money, and surely since Daniel's time there was never so great a gathering of musical instruments. And the Village school-children, red-cheeked and white-pinafores, climbed on to the platform (I have called it stage when occasion required) to sing in shrill voices, *There was an Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe*. It seemed as if each child's mother and each child's father sat listening, and they clapped while the little eager faces shone.

We rose as one man to sing *God Save the Queen*, for it was near the close of the years when the Great Queen reigned in our midst and chiefly in our hearts.

Memory gets disjointed later. There was a jolting ride home with slow stumblings and many slippings in the deep snow, much chatter and gay laughter, the white ground underneath and the white stars overhead. A vision of Farmer Roadsend, long clay pipe in hand, standing in the fireshine of his doorway, with a steam as of hot elderberry wine mulling behind him, came to the Roadsenders, and lights from other homes showed eyelet-holes of welcome to returning inmates.

III.

After the Village folks had gone, and a caretaker wandered about extinguishing lights, and the performers, cloaked and bonneted, had departed from the anteroom, comparative silence reigned, for feminine clamor had given place to men's voices, subdued and counting money. The Churchwardens and the Schoolmaster sat at the rickety table, and the Perpetual Curate looked on.

A confused mutter of three men figuring aloud could not total much more than £5, which is a long way from £25, though a step towards it; and they scratched their scantily covered heads for ideas as to raising more.

Then one looked up and, standing in the doorway, a listless spectator, saw the Squire, who, since a multiplication of bereavements and money losses, had shut himself up in the Great House as though he were the last man left, yet, to the surprise of the few who noticed him, had been present at the concert. He came late, at the heels of the Companion, and sat down at the back of the room, next the blacksmith and his big family; to the blacksmith's wife he was all unconsciously a wonderful help in keeping the little ones quiet, for the mites fixed their solemn eyes on him and sucked sugar-sticks.

Rumors of the debt had reached him through that discreet filter and sole retainer, his butler, and so far as the Squire,—of whom long descent and rigid seclusion from his kind had robbed a certain vitality—could feel, he felt indignant at the conduct of the Gray Spinster's heir. Years ago he had been angry with the Gray Spinster herself, for her high-handed mode of dispensing charities to the folks who lived in his cottages; and though time had accustomed him to that, and moreover relieved him of much moral responsibility, he was not going to be beholden to her successor. The day before the concert, therefore, he ploughed his way round the snow-buried park, stumbled over broken-down fences which the snow hid, and came home to survey his wine-cellar, which resembled Mother Hubbard's cupboard what time her dog fell sick, for if bad years affected the farmers, they no less affected him.

It resulted in his writing a cheque, leaving the exact amount for the Perpetual Curate to fill in, and this he

dangled handkerchief-fashion as he stood in the doorway. So long had he shunned his fellows that memory hardly prompted him with what it was customary to say when they should meet. But these were simple, country-bred men, with whom deeds ever found favor rather than words; they pushed back their chairs and rose respectfully, as became them, in the presence of the man who was poor as they because he silently winked at arrears in rent-payments.

The Perpetual Curate met the offer of his hand as if it had been an everyday occurrence.

"Have you had a successful evening?" he asked them, stiffly, as one turns a key to which disuse has rusted the lock.

"On the whole, yes," they answered.

"There's £5. 17. 8 in hand, and £19. 2. 4 still to look up, sir," said the Schoolmaster, carefully sorting the little lumps of money into silver and copper heaps.

Macmillan's Magazine.

The Squire pushed a limp, pink slip of paper towards the Perpetual Curate. "Fill it up," said he; "I think you'll find it right. A fine evening, gentlemen, but more snow to come. Good-night."

The thin, stooping figure slipped out into the darkness again, as silently as it had come among them.

Next Sunday, after service, the lame man who earned his bread and cheese by playing the harmonium, struck up the National Anthem, and the people stood up, pleased in their pews, for the simple folks understood well enough that the lame man wanted to express their thanks, and it was not meet to lead them in *For He's a Jolly Good Fellow*, in church and on the new harmonium. But at the next rent-dinner the farmers gave him that, and Kentish Fire besides, when, instead of sending his agent as heretofore, he sat down among them, silent and embarrassed as usual, but himself again.

PETER'S MOTHER.

BY MRS. HENRY DE LA PASTURE.

CHAPTER XIII.

Sarah Hewel ran into the drawing-room before Lady Mary found courage to put her newly gained composure to the test, by joining the crowd on the terrace.

"Oh, Lady Mary, are you there?" she cried, pausing in her eager passage to the window. "I thought you would be out-of-doors with the others!"

"Sarah, my dear!" said Lady Mary, kissing her.

"I—I saw all the people," said Sarah, in a breathless, agitated way, "I heard the news, and I wasn't sure whether I ought to come to luncheon all the same or not; so I slipped in by the side door to see whether I could find some one to ask quietly. Oh!" cried

Sarah, throwing her arms impetuously round Lady Mary's neck, "tell me it isn't true?"

"My boy has come home," said Lady Mary.

Sarah turned from red to white, and from white to red again.

"But they said," she faltered—"they said he—"

"Yes, my dear," said Lady Mary, understanding; and the tears started to her own eyes. "Peter has lost an arm, but otherwise—otherwise," she said, in trembling tones, "my boy is safe and sound."

Sarah turned away her face and cried.

Lady Mary was touched. "Why,

Sarah!" she said; and she drew the girl down beside her on the sofa and kissed her softly.

"I am sorry to be so silly," said Sarah, recovering herself. "It isn't a bit like me, is it?"

"It is like you, I think, to have a warm heart," said Lady Mary, "though you don't show it to every one; and, after all, you and Peter are old friends—playmates all your lives."

"It's been like a lump of lead on my heart all these months and years," said Sarah, "to think how I scoffed at Peter in the Christmas holidays before he went to the war, because my brothers had gone, whilst he stayed at home. Perhaps that was the reason he went. I used to lie awake at night sometimes, thinking that if Peter were killed it would be all my fault. And now his arm has gone—and Tom and Willie came back safely long ago." She cried afresh.

"It may not have been that at all," said Lady Mary, consolingly. "I don't think Peter was a boy to take much notice of what a goose of a little girl said. He felt he was a man, and ought to go—and his grandfather was a soldier—it is in the blood of the Setouns to want to fight for their country," said Lady Mary, with a smile and a little thrill of pride; for, after all, if her boy were a Crewys, he was also a Setoun. "Besides, poor child, you were so young; you didn't think; you didn't know—"

"You always make excuses for me," said Sarah, with subdued enthusiasm; "but I understand better now what it means—to send an only son away from his mother."

"The young take responsibility so lightly," said Lady Mary. "But now he has come home, my darling, why, you needn't reproach yourself any longer. It is good of you to care so much for my boy."

"It—it isn't only that. Of course, I

was always fond of Peter," said Sarah; "but even if I had nothing to do with his going"—her voice sounded incredulous—"you know how one feels over our soldiers coming home—and a boy who has given his right arm for England. It makes one so choky and yet so proud—I can't say all I mean—but you know—"

"Yes, I know," said Lady Mary; and she smiled, but the tears were rolling down her cheeks.

"And what it must be to *you*," sobbed Sarah, "the day you were to have been so happy, to see him come back like *that*! No wonder you are sad. One feels one could never do enough to— to make it up to him."

"But I'm far more happy than sad," said Lady Mary; and to prove her words she leant back upon the cushions and cried.

"You're not," said Sarah, kneeling by her; "how can you be, my darling, sweet Lady Mary? But you *must* be happy," she said; and her odd, deep tones took a note of coaxing that was hard to resist. "Think how proud every one will be of him, and how—how all the other mothers will envy you. You—you mustn't care so terribly. It—it isn't as if he had to work for his living. It won't make any real difference to his life. And he'll let you do everything for him—even write his letters—"

"Oh, Sarah, Sarah, stop!" said Lady Mary, faintly. "It—it isn't that."

"Not that!" said Sarah, changing her tone. She pounced on the admission like a cat on a mouse. "Then why do you cry?"

Lady Mary looked up confused into the severely inquiring young face.

Sarah's apple-blossom beauty, as was to have been expected, had increased a thousand-fold since her schoolgirl days. She had grown tall to match the plumpness of her figure, which had not decreased. Her magnificent

hair showed its copper redness in every variety of curl and twist upon her white forehead, and against her whiter throat.

She was no longer dressed in blue cotton. Lady Tintern knew how to give such glorious coloring its true value. A gauzy, transparent black flowed over a close-fitting white gown beneath, and veiled her fair arms and neck. Black bébé ribbon gathered in coquettishly the folds which shrouded Sarah's abundant charms, and a broad black sash confined her round young waist. A black chip hat shaded the glowing hair and the face, "ruddier than the cherry, and whiter than milk"; and the merry, dark blue eyes had a pent-house of their own, of drooping lashes, which redeemed the boldness of their frank and open gaze.

"If it is not that—why do you cry?" she demanded imperiously.

"It's—just happiness," said Lady Mary.

Sarah looked wise, and shook her head. "Oh, no," she quoth. "Those aren't happy tears."

"You're too old, dear Sarah, to be an *enfant terrible* still," said Lady Mary; but Sarah was not so easily disarmed.

"I will know! Come, I'm your god-child, and you always spoil me. He's not come back in one of his moods, has he?"

"Who?" cried Lady Mary, coloring.

"Who! Why, who are we talking of but Peter?" said Sarah, opening her big-pupilled eyes.

"Oh no, no! He's changed entirely —"

"Changed!"

"I don't mean exactly changed, but he's—he's grown so loving and so sweet—not that he wasn't always loving in his heart, but——"

"Oh," cried Sarah, impatiently, "as if I didn't know Peter! But if it wasn't that which made you so unhappy, what

was it?" She bent puzzled brows upon her embarrassed hostess.

"Let me go, Sarah; you ask too much!" said Lady Mary. "Oh no, my darling, I'm not angry! How could I be angry with my little loyal Sarah, who's always loved me so? It's only that I can't bear to be questioned just now." She caressed the girl eagerly, almost apologetically. "I must have a few moments to recover myself. I'll go quietly away into the study—anywhere. Wait for me here, darling, and make some excuse for me if any one comes. I want to be alone for a few moments. Peter mustn't find me crying again."

"Yes—that's all very well," said Sarah to herself, as the slight form hurried from the drawing-room into the dark oak hall beyond. "But *why* is she unhappy? There is something else."

It was Dr. Blundell who found the answer to Sarah's riddle.

He had seen the signs of weeping on Lady Mary's face as she stumbled over the threshold of the window into the very arms of John Crewys, and his feelings were divided between 'passionate sympathy with his divinity, and anger with the returned hero, who had no doubt reduced his mother to this distressful state. The doctor was blinded by love and misery, and ready to suspect the whole world of doing injustice to this lady; though he believed himself to be destitute of jealousy, and capable of judging Peter with perfect impartiality.

His fancy leapt far ahead of fact; and he supposed, not only that Lady Mary must be engaged to John Crewys, but that she must have confided her engagement to her son, and that Peter had already forbidden the banns.

He wandered miserably about the grounds, within hearing of the rejoicings; and had just made up his mind that he ought to go and join the

speechmakers, when he perceived John Crewys himself standing next to Peter, apparently on the best possible terms with the hero of the day.

The doctor hastened round to the hall, intending to enter the drawing-room unobserved, and find out for himself whether Lady Mary had recovered, or whether John Crewys had heartlessly abandoned her to her grief.

The brilliant vision Miss Sarah presented, as she stood, drawn up to her full height, in the shaded drawing-room, met his anxious gaze as he entered.

"Why, Miss Sarah! Not gone back to London yet? I thought you only came down for Whitsuntide."

"Mamma wasn't well, so I am staying on for a few days. I am supposed to be nursing her," said Sarah, demurely.

She was a favorite with the doctor, as she was very well aware, and, in consequence, was always exceedingly gracious to him.

"Where is Lady Mary?" he asked.

She stole to his side, and put her finger on her lips, and lowered her voice.

"She went through the hall—into the study. And she's alone—crying."

"Crying!" said the doctor; and he made a step towards the open door, but Sarah's strong, white hand held him fast.

"Play fair," she said reproachfully; "I told you in confidence. You can't suppose she wants *you* to see her crying."

"No, no," said the poor doctor, "of course not—of course not."

She closed the door between the rooms. "Look here, Dr. Blundell, we've always been friends, haven't we, you and me?"

"Ever since I had the honor of ushering you into the world you now adorn," said the doctor, with an ironical bow.

"Then tell me the truth," said Sarah. "Why is she unhappy, to-day of all days?"

The doctor looked uneasily away from her. "Perhaps—the joy of Peter's return has been too much for her," he suggested.

"Yes," said Sarah. "That's what we'll tell the other people. But you and I—why, Dr. Blunderbuss," she said reproachfully, using the name she had given him in her saucy childhood, "you know how I've worshipped Lady Mary ever since I was a little girl?"

"Yes, yes, my dear, I know," said the doctor.

"You love her too, don't you?" said Sarah!

He started. "I—I love Lady Mary! What do you mean?" he said, almost violently.

"Oh, I didn't mean *that* sort of love," said Sarah, watching him keenly. Then she laid her plump hand gently on his shabby sleeve. "I wouldn't have said it, if I'd thought—"

"Thought what?" said the doctor, agitated.

"What I think now," said Sarah.

He walked up and down in a silence she was too wise to break. When he looked at her again, Sarah was leaning against the piano. She had taken off the picture-hat, and was swinging it absently to and fro by the black ribbons which had but now been tied beneath her round, white chin. She presented a charming picture—and it is possible she knew it—as she stood in that restful pose, with her long lashes pointed downwards towards her buckled shoes.

The doctor stopped in front of her. "You are too quick for me, Sarah. You always were, even as a little girl," he said. "You've surprised my—my poor secret. You can laugh at the old doctor now, if you like."

"I don't feel like laughing," said Sarah, simply. "And your secret is

safe with me. I'm honest; you know that."

"Yes, my dear; I know that. God bless you!" said the doctor.

"I'm sorry, Dr. Blundell," said Sarah, softly.

The deep voice which came from the full, white chest, and which had once been so unmanageable, was one of Sarah's surest weapons now.

When she sang, she counted her victims by the dozen; when she lowered it, as she lowered it now, to speak only to one man, every note went straight to his heart—if he had an ear for music and a heart for love.

When Sarah said, in these dulcet tones, therefore, that she was sorry for her old friend, the tears gathered to the doctor's kind, tired eyes.

"For me!" he said gratefully. "Oh, you mustn't be sorry for me. She—she could hardly be further out of my reach, you know, if she were—an angel in heaven, instead of being what she is—an angel on earth. It is—of her that I was thinking."

"I know," said Sarah; "but she has been looking so bright and hopeful, ever since we heard Peter was coming home—until to-day—when he has actually come; and that is what puzzles me."

"To-day—to-day!" said the doctor, as though to himself. "Yes; it was to-day I saw her touch happiness timidly, and come face to face with disappointment."

"You saw her?"

"Oh, when one loves," he said bitterly, "one has intuitions which serve as well as eyes and ears. You will know all about it one day, little Sarah."

"Shall I?" said Sarah. She turned her face away from the doctor.

"You've not been here very much lately," he said, "but you've been here long enough to guess her secret, as you—you've guessed mine. Eh? You

needn't pretend, for my sake, to misunderstand me."

"I wasn't going to," said Sarah, gently.

"John Crewys is the very man I would have chosen—I did choose him," said the doctor, looking at her almost fiercely. It was an odd consolation to him to believe he had first led John Crewys to interest himself in Lady Mary. He recognized his rival's superior qualifications very fully and humbly. "You know all about it, Miss Sarah, don't tell me; so quick as you are to find out what doesn't concern you."

"I saw that—Mr. John Crewys—liked her," said Sarah, in a low voice; "but, then, so does everybody. I wasn't sure—I couldn't believe that she—"

"You haven't watched as I have," he groaned; "you haven't seen the sparkle come back to her eye, and the color to her cheek. You haven't watched her learning to laugh and sing and enjoy her innocent days as Nature bade; since she has dared to be herself. It was love that taught her all that."

"Love?" said Sarah.

Her soft, red lips parted; and her breath quickened with a sudden sensation of mingled interest, sympathy, and amusement.

"Ay, love," said the doctor, half angrily. He detected the deepening of Sarah's dimples. "And I am an old fool to talk to you like this. You children think that love is reserved for boys and girls, like you and—and Peter."

"I don't know what Peter has to do with it," said Sarah, pouting.

"I heard Peter explaining to his tenants just now," said the doctor, with a harsh laugh, "that he was going to settle down here for good and all—with his mother; that nothing was to be changed from his father's time. Some thing in his words would have made me understand the look on his moth-

er's face, even if I hadn't read it right—already. She will sacrifice her love for John Crewys to her love for her son; and by the time Peter finds out—as in the course of nature he will find out—that he can do without his mother, her chance of happiness will be gone for ever."

Sarah looked a little queerly at the doctor.

"Then the sooner Peter finds out," she said slowly, "that he can live without his mother, the better. Doesn't that seem strange?"

"Perhaps," said the doctor, heavily. "But life gives us so few opportunities of a great happiness as we grow older, little Sarah. The possibilities that once seemed so boundless, lie in a circle which narrows round us, day by day. Some day you'll find that out too."

There was a sudden outburst of cheering.

Sarah started forward. "Dr. Blundell," she said energetically, "you've told me all I wanted to know. She shan't be unhappy if I can help it."

"You!" said the doctor, shrugging his shoulders rather rudely. "I don't see what *you* can do."

Sarah reddened with lofty indignation. "It would be very odd if you did," she said spitefully; "you're only a man, when all is said and done. But if you'll only promise not to interfere, I'll manage it beautifully all by myself."

"What will you do?" said the doctor, inattentively; and his blindness to Sarah's charms and her powers made her almost pity such obtuseness.

"I will go and fetch Lady Mary, for one thing, and cheer her up."

"Not a word to her!" he cried, starting up; "remember, I told you in confidence—though why I was such a fool—"

"Am I likely to forget?" said Sarah; "and you will see one day whether

you were a fool to tell *me*." She said to herself, despairingly, that the stupidity of mankind was almost past praying for.

As the doctor opened the door for Sarah, Lady Mary herself walked into the room.

She had removed all traces of tears from her face, and, though she was still very pale, she was quite composed, and ready to smile at them both.

"Were you coming to fetch me?" she said, taking Sarah's arm affectionately.

"Dr. Blundell, I am afraid luncheon will be terribly late. The servants have all gone off their heads in the confusion, as was to be expected. The noise and the welcome upset me so that I dared not go out on the terrace again. Ash has just been to tell me it's all over, and that Peter made a capital speech; quite as good as Mr. John's, he said; but that is hardly a compliment to our K.C.," she laughed. "I'm afraid Ash is prejudiced."

"Ash was doing the honors with all his might," said the doctor, gruffly; "handing round cider by the hogshead. Hallo! the speeches must be really all over," he said, for, above vociferous cheering, the strains of the National Anthem could just be discerned.

Peter came striding across the terrace, and looked in at the open window.

"Are you better again, mother?" he called. "Could you come out now? They've done at last, but they're calling for you."

"Yes, yes; I'm quite ready. I won't be so silly again," said Lady Mary.

But Peter did not listen. "Why—" he said, and stopped short.

"Surely you haven't forgotten Sarah," said Lady Mary, laughing—"your little playmate Sarah? But perhaps I ought to say Miss Hewel now."

"How do you do, Sir Peter?" said Sarah, in a very stately manner. "I

am very glad to be here to welcome you home."

Peter, foolishly embarrassed, took the hand she offered with such gracious composure, and blushed all over his thin, tanned face.

"I—I should hardly have known you," he stammered.

"Really?" said Sarah.

"Won't you," said Peter, still looking at her, "join us on the terrace?"

"The people aren't calling for me," said Sarah.

"But it might amuse you," said Peter, deferentially.

He put up his eyeglass—but though Sarah's red lip quivered, she did not laugh.

"It's rather jolly, really," he said. "They've got banners, and flags, and processions, and things. Won't you come?"

"Well—I will," said Sarah. She accepted his help in descending the step with the air of a princess. "But they'll be so disappointed to see me instead of your mother."

"Disappointed to see you!" said Peter, stupefied.

She stepped forth, laughing, and Peter followed her closely. John Crewys stood aside to let them pass. Lady Mary, half amazed and half amused, realized suddenly that her son had forgotten he came back to fetch her. She hesitated on the threshold. More cheers and confused shouting greeted Peter's reappearance on the balcony. He turned and waved to his mother, and the canon came hurrying over the grass.

"The people are shouting for Lady Mary; they want Lady Mary," he cried.

John Crewys looked at her with a smile, and held out his hand, and she stepped over the sill, and went away across the terrace garden with him.

The doctor turned his face from the crowd, and went back alone into the empty room.

"Who *doesn't* want Lady Mary?" he said to himself, forlornly.

(To be continued.)

A STRONGHOLD OF ART.

Any one who cares deeply about the aim and the practice of letters must feel a certain sense of melancholy at the present moment—however ardent his own pursuit, however joyful his own labor may be—at the chaotic condition of literary taste which now prevails. Never was there a period when there were more readers, never an era when more people conceived themselves to have a right to an opinion on literary matters. Library tables are deluged with periodicals, and every periodical has its literary column; but, for all that, we are producing very little high literature. There is not a single English poet alive, with the exception

of Mr. Swinburne, whose fame is wide and assured. *Belles Lettres* generally are contemned; we have a few accomplished essayists and critics, but they hardly have a public. An immense stream of fiction pours from the Press; but how many literary artists are there among our novelists? And yet literature is in a sense fashionable, and, to put the matter to a rough test, there was never a time in English history when so much money, even in proportion to our increased population, was earned by the pen.

But there is, in spite of the popularity of literature, a singular absence of respect for it. In a period when con-

spicuous services to the State are recognized by a great increase of orders and decorations, very few are bestowed on literature; the writer must, like Horace, enwrap himself in his virtue; he has no ribbons to stick in his coat. The Universities honor research, and bestow red gowns on eminent statesmen and generals. They but reflect the ordinary contempt for mere literature. It is not here suggested that such rewards ought to be bestowed on literary men; it is only suggested that they would be so bestowed if writers were regarded with respect and reverence; or rather, perhaps, if there were writers who were worthy of being so regarded.

We suffer by having no central literary Council. There is nothing to be said for founding an Academy of Literature for the sake of the individual prestige that would come to the members. But there is much to be said for literature organizing itself, and garrisoning a stronghold in the land of the Philistines, even if the members of such a company were merely to be hidden, like the fifty prophets, in a cave, and fed upon bread and water. When the times of confusion and violence were over, they might emerge, in an austere condition of training, to spread abroad the truth.

The arguments against the foundation of an Academy are not very cogent, but perhaps the practical difficulties are supposed to be insuperable, simply because no serious effort has been made to meet them. Possibly the difficulty lies in the direction of defining the functions of such a body. There is, however, one function which a British Academy of Letters might discharge, and that is the function of artistic criticism of literature. Such an Academy might have a strong sub-committee of critics, and attach to itself a sound school of literary specialists, who could review books with a

certain authority, and draw a line—which is much needed to be drawn—between work which has high literary qualities and work that has only popular qualities. The best work will, of course, probably have both; but we are not a very critical nation, and the most useful function that an Academy might perform would be the strengthening and educating of literary taste.

The actual Academy could not concern itself with literary judgments, for the simple reason that it would be formed of eminent writers, who would not have the time to devote to the sifting and reviewing of literature; and indeed it would not be desirable that they should; but it would perhaps be possible, as I have said, to organize a sub-committee in connection with such a body, which could concern itself with current literature, have books reviewed by specialists, and publish a gazette which would be a guide to modern letters. What one wants in a review is not an abstract of a book, and still less a list of its errors, but rather an impression formed by a competent and appreciative person, which would indicate what books were worth attention, and what books had the literary quality.

What one desires is that there should be something central and authoritative. There are certain newspapers which to some extent perform the desired function, but the best newspapers tend to reflect private mannerisms and prejudices; it would be a great comfort to people whose taste for literature is good, and whose time for reading is limited, to have some such authoritative gazette upon which they could really depend.

The great difficulty at present, when books are very widely and rapidly reviewed, is, of course, that the writer of a book is presumably to a certain extent a specialist, whereas the man who reviews it is often almost unac-

quainted with the subject of the volume, and has no time to study it. Thus a reviewer tends to depend upon his own uninformed preferences and prejudices. This leads to a fault which is very conspicuous in the reviewing of to-day. This is a tendency for reviewers not to endeavor to appreciate the *motif* and intention of a book, very frequently from a want of knowledge of the subject of it, but to find fault with the book for not being something else, often indeed for not being something which it lays no claim to be.

An Academy is also needed to set and maintain a high standard of literary taste. Without it, we tend to be dominated by clamorous schools of ready writers. At the present time, for instance, among the younger school of critical writers, there are two strong tendencies apparent: one may be called the anti-ethical tendency and the other the virile tendency; the two are closely allied.

The anti-ethical tendency is the tendency to believe that literary craftsmen ought to have no sense of right and wrong, to believe that this is not the concern of an artist, and that the critic's only business is to decide what is good art and what is bad art. But, after all, art, if one analyzes it, is ultimately the expression of personality. What makes a good work of art is, in the first place, accuracy of observation and sincerity of conception. That is the primary and essential necessity, the soul of art. And then the next essential is that the personality which observes and conceives, and ultimately expresses, should have vigor, grasp, force, and charm. That is so to speak the mind of art. To draw a sharp line, and to say that ethical considerations cannot come into the matter at all, is a fundamental mistake; the largeness of art depends upon its power of drawing into itself and giv-

ing expression to all the vital emotions of humanity. The ethical emotion is one of these. Of course it is not the only one; and an artist who works only from an ethical point of view will probably not be a good artist, not because the ethical element is inadmissible, but because there will be a want of balance, of proportion, of width about his work. To regard art from the purely ethical point of view is cramping and narrowing, but to exclude the ethical point of view is no less cramping.

The anti-ethical point of view then, in criticism, is the convention of a school, and as such it is illiberal. It is in reality only a protest against the widespread success of productions which have a purely ethical *motif*. The reason of that success is that the public, or at least the British public, is more interested in ethical questions than in artistic questions; and thus the critics who claim an artistic standpoint are betrayed by their impatience of ethical views into the mistake of excluding what must always be a great factor in the influence of art. The fact is that, if a writer makes moral improvement the end of his art, he will probably tend to disregard other equally valuable qualities. The intention ought to be to produce art which is above all things sincere and beautiful; and then the result will be improving, if the writer's point of view is generous and noble.

But the virile point of view is more dangerous still, because it would exclude from the domain of art many of the best qualities of art, the tender, quiet, secret emotions, on the presence of which much of the best permanent art depends. The virile critic would have every one to be of a swash-buckling type, fond of his glass and of the girls. He echoes the sentiment of Bottom in the *Midsommer-Night's Dream*: "I could play Eracles rarely, or

a part to tear a cat in, to make all split." He would have writers to be always tearing cats. Such a critic, in reviewing a book of subtle and restrained emotions, will say: "I don't want this kind of thing at all; I want something larger and more generous, to set my blood a-tingle—something to fight and struggle with; never mind a tumble or two, so long as one gets a sense of life." He would have all men to be of the pushing, cock-sparrow species—cheerful, undignified, noisy, with a pleasant sense of courage, a desire to tread on other people's toes, and to shout "Bo" in the ears of geese.

It is a type that presents certain attractions no doubt; but the essence of it is the desire to interfere with other people, to slap them on the back, quite indifferent as to whether it gives them pleasure to be slapped; if it does not, he says that it ought to. There is no sense of respecting other people's rights here; and this it is that makes it so dull and conventional a point of view; because half of the artistic pleasure of life comes from the sense of contrast, the unlikenesses of people, their dissimilar points of view; while the virile artist is not satisfied till all are like himself, jolly companions every one.

The real truth is that, English literary art has lately, much to its detriment, been violently invaded by this spirit. The virile person, determined to have the best of everything, has realized that he has certain emotions, which it gives him pleasure to express, and which he conceives to be artistic. The result is that, seeing that there is a brotherhood of art, which has a certain influence on the world, he is resolved to be inside it, and communicate a pleasant stir to it. And so, as in the Symposium of Plato, a noisy and turbulent invasion has taken place. The revellers who rush in have a certain vigor, a free

humor, a definite picturesqueness. But, as in the case of the Kingdom of Heaven, the violent have taken the domain of art by force, to the annoyance and regret of more quiet-minded persons.

The only thing to do is for the initiated to preserve their resolution untroubled, and to wait till the noise is over. The meek, says the Beatitude, shall inherit the earth. The virile invasion will, no doubt, ultimately effect some good; it will increase and enlarge the point of view that tends, in self-observation and introspection, to become morbid and stuffy. It is a valuable counterbalancing force to the dangers of over-aestheticism, the wilful seclusion of art; but the mistake lies in the recognition of it as a permanent force by the true artists. It is a revolution that ends in a restoration; it safeguards liberty, and breaks down tyranny; but it is not in itself artistic, it is only a tonic, an alternative, which shall brace and clarify the real artistic forces.

Now an Academy, with a classical tradition and a fine standard of taste, could help us to make head against these extravagances. For the point is that there are true principles of criticism, and the danger alike of the anti-ethical and of the virile school is, that they tend to promote the belief that there are no such principles. The disciples of these schools would maintain that vividness, loudness, and decision are the permanent qualities in art; that there is no such thing as tradition and authority at all; that art is not a church, but a system of congregationalism.

The boisterous, joyful, good-humored, high-spirited temperament, which is fashionable now in art, has a right to be considered, no doubt; but the appropriate setting for such natures is real life; when they become self-conscious, and look at themselves in the

mirror, admire the evidences of health and activity, and set to work to talk about themselves, one feels that there is something amiss; they stretch out their legs, and pat their thighs in public, and the result is that they attract a good deal of attention. But the world would be a very uninteresting place if it were entirely peopled by such individualities. Meanwhile, the other type—the peaceful, contemplative, retired artists—hardly get a hearing. It is like the suspension of the talk of sensible persons which takes place when some healthy, complacent, and outspoken child is produced for inspection and admiration.

One would not wish that such a point of view should be suppressed or excluded; anything which can enlarge the horizon of art is desirable. But we would hold that the truer function of art is to disentangle the finer shades of emotion, to give expression to the remote, the subtle, rather than to the commonplace and the obvious. The work of art is to capture these fine essences, to hear dying echoes, to see and interpret the quieter beauties of earth on the one hand—the moonrise over still pastures, the murmur of hidden streams, the voices of birds in the thickets, the smouldering sunset; and then to express with due restraint the richer unspoken emotions of the heart, the mysteries that surround us, the tender relationships of human beings, the strangeness of the complex world.

All this is a very real region; it is there; it has always been there; but at the present time it seems as though the hearts of men were turned from these things to the noise of cities, the heated talk of club-rooms, the rattle of motors, the roar of railway trains, the spread of Imperialistic ideas, the spin and speed of wars. Yet this is in reality a relapse into barbarism; it is a revolt of primitive nature, of animal impulses, against civilization,

against refinement. Those who believe that the world is moving towards simplicity and peace, and that in tranquil joys, settled labor, the stillness of the countryside, lie the real and permanent joys of life, will oppose a quiet and serene resistance to these tumultuous and restless forces.

Those who believe that art is a wide inheritance, and that it is given to administer strength and comfort to the purer and quieter side of human nature, must be content, in the time of revolution, to be easily labelled morbid, timid, introspective, and indolent. These epithets are but the cries of the invaders who have found their way into the quiet squares of the city. Of course it may be all the other way, and the world may be growing and expanding in the direction of noise and excitement, under the guidance of God, rather than in the direction of serenity and soberness. But even so the prophets of peace will guard their own strongholds while they may, and they will diligently preach their simpler and quieter gospel to those that will hear.

What, then, ought the aim of the true lovers of art to be? They ought to hold all together and keep themselves close, like the ungodly in the psalm. They ought to forget their own jealousies and rivalries in the face of the far greater danger with which they are menaced; they ought not, as they tend to do, to use the rude weapons of their opponents to belabor each other; and, on the other hand, they must be disinterested; they must expect neither money nor fame, nor even appreciation. They must simply be true to the inner spirit of art, and make no concessions, no attempt to capture the popular mind. They must live sparingly, hopefully, and affectionately, like men in a beleaguered place, fearing nothing, expecting nothing, and hoping all things. Yet they must avoid

the spirit of the coterie, the spirit which, out of sympathy for the *motif*, applauds and cossets the faltering manner. There must be no mawkishness among themselves, but a just and wise appreciation, a loyal discrimination, a genial companionship. They must have the true classical spirit; that is to say, they must give due weight to what is traditional and authoritative; but they must not be hampered and restricted by this, but must eagerly watch for every true development of the artistic spirit; they must be able to note originality, and yet recognize with disapproval the moment that it passes into exaggeration and mere effect. They must be able to appreciate all that is manly and vigorous in the virile school, while they must never be seduced into any foolish parade of manliness and breeziness in order to win suffrages.

But, with all this, the attitude of these true lovers of art must be simple and natural, neither affected nor pontifical. It is the studied air of unreality, the pretence of possessing mysterious secrets, the development of a secluded caste, professing no interest in mundane affairs, but claiming to be illuminated by a secret glory—the characteristics of the later æsthetic school—which have done so much to lower the artist in the opinion of sensible men. The artist should rather be open to every influence and interest; he should, like the true priest, keep the thought of the spiritual succession, which he has undoubtedly received, for his own comfort and help, not wave it abroad as a title to the obedience and respect of other men; the artist should be a man of the world, guarding his creative hours as the true gold of life, but yet losing no opportunity of mixing with his fellows on equal terms; let him reserve his unconventionality for

the things of the spirit, but in all external things let him eagerly adopt the conventions of the world, as the best armor that he can wear. He will live by preference the secluded life of the country, choosing the *fallentis semita vitæ*, not because he is weak, but because he is strong; yet not creating for himself a secluded paradise, but living the life of a neighbor and a citizen.

The above is no impossible ideal; but the possibility of its adoption depends upon the power of the artist to do without the excitement of recognition. That is the danger of the artistic temperament, that it learns to depend upon stimulus; and the best work cannot be done in what is after all but a dram-drinking mood.

If the number of artists content to lead such a life could be increased, the organization, the centralization of the movement, would come quietly of itself. The thing to make sure of is that the organization represents a strong and healthy life, and is a convenience and a development, not an ambition and an end.

And thus, though I think that an Academy of letters, if it could be quietly and naturally developed out of existing conditions, might be a real source of strength for literature, and especially at a time when the best literary artists are few, I would rather be sure that there are men ready to give themselves to the service of literary art in the spirit which I have described, than see any number of influential societies organized and instituted to represent it. Yet it is, I think, remarkable and even unfortunate, at a time when societies representing all kinds of cultivated and refined interests are so active and flourishing, that perhaps the only vocation that lacks this organization is the vocation of Literature.

Arthur Christopher Benson.

A RACE TO THE DEATH.

It is now some two years ago that a half-starved hunter of musk-ox and his guide, drifting forlornly down towards the North Saskatchewan, unexpectedly stumbled across surface gold on the upper shores of Lac La Biche. The hunter, being crafty, secreted his little nuggets and said nothing; but when the snows melted he returned to that mysterious lake, searched feverishly, and in the end, found his deposit to lie in a well defined area, not fifty paces in width yet a good half mile in length. It was far from either running water or auriferous quartz, ending at the very brink of the lake itself; and he marvelled at the strangeness of it all.

When many ounces of these nuggets had been weighed out in the little wooden town of Edmonton, the new gold-field could no longer be kept a secret, and there was a sudden wild stampede of prospectors from that urban outpost of civilization, a stampede feverish in movement, bewildering in its might, like unto the migrations of the early Klondike days. But that army, eager as it was, returned empty-handed, while mining-experts lost much sleep in quest of a key to the mystery of how free-milling ore came to such territory, and talked vaguely and wisely of the effect of glacial action and long-lost water-ways.

Yet, had they only known, no river of ice scattered those yellow grains for the eye and hand of our musk-ox hunter. To solve the mystery of that gold we must go back yet another long year, and in an abandoned trader's shack, standing almost in the shadow of Fort Resolution far to the North, we must mark the beginning of all end to the adventures of Andrew MacLanaghan and Antoine Broulette, fellow

travellers, fellow miners and traders, and rascals in common.

"Ye're a fool," MacLanaghan was crying, his lean body quivering, his pale eyes flaming; "ye're a damned fool. Where'd ye a-been to-day, y' white-livered half-breed, if I hadn't stuck by ye? Where'd ye be rottin' this night, if I hadn't sweat the fever out o' your blackguard carcass? An' what good would all your dust be doin' ye, if I hadn't pulled y' out o' Porpoise Crick? Tell me that, ye fool!" The long winter had worn the soul of the gaunt Scot to the wire edge, and he raved and stormed at his one-time friend and comrade like a madman.

But Antoine Broulette, the runner, merely laughed softly. Pursing his lips, he leisurely struck a match, and as leisurely proceeded to fill the walls of the square-timbered little shack with the fumes of that heavy and ill-smelling tobacco which is to be found only north of the fifty-third parallel. He could afford to be patient.

"And I say to ye again," went on MacLanaghan, pausing in his strides up and down the shack, "no woman comes into this camp while I'm here, —no woman, white or red!"

The lean, hairy fist of the Scotch-Canadian smote the hemlock table as he spoke. His pale eyes glared at the unperturbed runner, who looked with gently raised eyebrows at the bowl of of his pipe and then up at the blackened roof-beams of the little shack. "Den you,—you t'ink you *do* go?" he hinted, suavely.

"Go?" roared the other. "Go? Not till I go in a coffin!"

Once more the Frenchman whistled softly, and raised a ponderous, indolent shoulder. "*Bapteme!* Den I t'ink,

Scottie, I will mebbe do w'at I lak wit' dose t'ings w'at you have no mout' in!"

In earlier and more lucid days MacLanaghan might have seen that the runner was egging him on; he might have foretold that his enemy's purpose was only to madden him beyond all endurance; but the long, desolate miles of the Yukon Overland Trail, and the months of hardship in the open snows, and the weeks of starvation in camp had tried the Scot's nerves to their utmost. He was no longer the man of grit and might that he had been; he was being slowly frayed and worn away; Broulette could see that, and he waited softly for the beginning of the end. All the way from Circle City to Fort McPherson MacLanaghan had tried to fight back that impending end. Alone in that land, he knew, he was helpless. Up the dreary, endless reaches of the MacKenzie he had elbowed aside insult and taunt, knowing too well how far his destiny still lay in the palm of Broulette's capricious hand. For the five dull weeks that they had been held up at Fort Resolution, awaiting Grey Wolf and his dogs, the Scot had still kept silence. When once Grey Wolf came, and when once they had dogs and sleds,—when once they had struck down through that white, oppressive, overwhelming waste of the Barren Lands—he felt that then he could assert himself. But Grey Wolf, the fleetest of the Dog-Rib runners, was slow in coming, though old Bending Back, the young buck's father-in-law-to-be, swore day by day that the morrow would bring him, and told them still again of Grey Wolf's many dogs, and looked askance at the two white men's little buckskin bags, and shook his head many times.

Kindred spirits though these two white men were, bunkies more diverse seldom swung over the same trail. The one, a pale-eyed and hard-fisted Scotch-

Canadian, lean, wolfish, unrelenting to the uttermost, was possessed of a nature as cold and dour and dogged as it was cannily unscrupulous. In times past, perhaps, he had been honest enough, for some thirteen years threading the trails and clerking in the posts of the Great Company. But certain silver-fox pelts had gone astray,—how and where MacLanaghan never confessed—and the over-ambitious clerk began life once more, with a new name and for his own hand. Then the Klondike fever took hold of him. It was when pushing doggedly up towards Dawson City that he first stumbled across Broulette on the Overland Route, a wiry and swarthy-faced French-Canadian from the pine-lands of Northern Ontario. Broulette was then a driver for one of the dog-brigades on the Mackenzie River Mail Packet,—hasty, wordy, blasphemous, a braggart and a dare-devil, a singer of *chansons*, a teller of tales, and a lover of women; when he had money, it went for drink and carousing; when his beaded purse was empty he turned once more to his dog-brigade and his travel, light of heart, merry of eye, singing his snatches of strange Provencal song, brought all the way from the lumber-camps of the upper Ottawa.

Broulette needed no second bidding to join MacLanaghan. Together they went through the mail-packets, with despatch and infinite care, extracting what was of value, flinging into their camp-fire what seemed useless. The government sled and dogs were as incontinently taken over, and while the official reports of the North-West Mounted Police duly recorded Broulette as another old and trusted servant of the Crown gone to his heroic death on the trail, that much misunderstood worthy and his new friend were heading for the Land of Gold, working their way grimly over the mountains at the head-waters of Half-

Way River, and pushing on through ice and muskeg and starvation to the Kelly Banks. From there they drifted painfully on to Selkirk, and would surely have died miserably, had not MacLanaghan, on their darkest day, spied an empty Peterborough-canoe drifting past their shred of a camp. He waded out into the icy water, flung a shrunken and unsightly body that lay in the bottom of the craft uncereemoniously overboard, and three days later sold the canoe to a stranded corporal of the Mounted Police for the audacious sum of six hundred dollars. It was that transaction which marked the turn in the tide of their affairs. If it was this strange couple who robbed the *caché* at Quill Landing, and if after different dealings with fellow prospectors certain murmurs were heard, their flood of luck bore them beyond the pale of such trivialities. They stood, in the end, among the biggest of the Bolder Creek stake-owners, and in eighteen months had washed out enough dust to all but turn their heads.

Yet neither MacLanaghan nor Broulette had cared to return with their wealth by steamer. They deemed it wiser to choose the less observed route; and, with their gold-dust sewn up in many stout little bags of moosehide, they had fought their way, in the face of untold hardships, down to Fort Resolution.

There time had hung heavily on the restless heart of Antoine Broulette. In his hour of enforced leisure that gallant had cast not unkindly eyes on Skipping Rabbit, the daughter of Bending Back, and had even placed a Winchester, two blankets, and an ounce of gold-dust before her old Dog-Rib parent, as purchase-money for the lady in question. But all these riches Bending Back had disdained. His child was to wed with Grey Wolf the runner; yet he let it be understood

that an extra blanket or two and twice the gold-dust might cause him to waver. The Frenchman eloquently lamented the sordid spirit of the red man, and wooed the nimble Skipping Rabbit after his own fashion. And it was over the impending results of that unjust and incongruous courtship that MacLanaghan and Broulette had reached the beginning of the end.

"Mebbe you t'ink, Scottie, Skipping Rabbit don't mak' de ver' good squaw for me, eh?"

MacLanaghan turned on the Frenchman again, and again he smote the table. "Squaws! this is no time for dawdlin' round with squaws, ye damned fool! And ye've got a wife, ye cur, a wife and children, in Edmonton."

"To 'all wit' 'er!" observed Broulette, quietly.

"Yes; and we'll find it easy, won't we, gettin' south of that line? Antoine Broulette, with a squaw and forty-eight thousand in gold-dust,—a fine catch for the Mounted P'lice somewhere about Athabasca Landin'."

"To 'ail wit' de P'lice!" said Broulette, cheerily, knocking out his pipe. "For t'ree year almos', I have leeve lak a packhoss; an' now, *sacredam*, I tall you I will 'ave my day, a good tam, by gare, I don't care w'at 'e cost!"

"And then what?" sneered the other.

"I'm in loave, Scottie," mocked the other; "I don' care w'at 'appen."

MacLanaghan confronted him, white with impotent rage. He knew it was the end, the long-dreaded end. "Then; by God, we split, and split right here!"

It had come at last. He had hoped that they might cling together until, at least, the lights of Edmonton shone out to them above the Saskatchewan, for Broulette, of all men, knew the trails of the North; but now he would have to face it out alone, as best he could, cost what it might.

The Frenchman shrugged his shoul-

ders airily. "Voilà!" he said, resignedly, crossing his legs; "ver' wail."

MacLanaghan, white but determined, turned to weigh out the gold-dust. Broulette stopped him with one graceful sweep of the hand. "To 'all wit' countin' heem out dat way! W'at you say, Scottie, if we toss for heem?"

The canny Scot looked at him, lynx-like, and his pallor suddenly heightened. To the other man it meant a mere week's carousal; to him it meant so much! With it he could live clean and decent once more; with it he could make a home for himself, and marry, and yet see a child or two about his knee. The heart of the hardened man cried out for something better from life—but then, if he should lose, if, after all, it should slip through his hands? The thought of it left him weak and sick.

Broulette fumbled in the depths of his purse, and found a Dominion five-dollar gold-piece, "Well, w'at you say, Scottie?"

MacLanaghan looked at the stout little bags of moose-hide, then at the mocking Frenchman, and decided. He would make it neck or nothing. "How many throws?" he demanded, cautiously.

"'Ow many? Wan, by gare, jus' wan!"

"Then I do the tossing," cried the Scot, his eyes shining. The other looked at him, and laughed. Then he calmly passed over the coin. "Ver' wail," he said.

As he poised the little gold-piece on his fore-finger MacLanaghan's hand trembled and shook. With the fall of that coin, he knew, fell fortune or ruin. He breathed deep and fast. A sudden flick of his thumb sent the piece spinning up in the air.

"Ead," said Broulette, carelessly, through his pipe-smoke.

If any deeper feeling stirred him he concealed it completely. Side by side,

with a simultaneous movement, the two men leaned over the fallen coin. MacLanaghan's hand shook even more than it had done before, and his fingers closed and opened and closed again. The coin lay head down on the rough floor. The gold was his; all of it,—his own!

Broulette languidly picked up the coin and slipped it away. "You're de locky man," he laughed, with his hand on the slip-string of his snow-shoe. "Now dere's only de leetle Skip-pin' Rabbit lef' for ol' Antoine; so I t'ink, by gare, dat I turn Injin *immediament*." And laughing in the face of the bewildered Scot, he rolled out into the gathering dusk of the sub-arctic afternoon. MacLanaghan looked after him in dazed silence; then he put his hands up to his head and laughed long and loud,—laughed as an hysterical woman might.

That night, once having securely locked and barred himself in, he made away with a pint of Hudson Bay rum, and until after midnight from his shack echoed muffled ballads that had seldom been heard in the shadow of that northern out-post. Yet canny to the last, he slept with his moose-hide bags under his head and a Colt revolver in the folds of his blanket. He slumbered heavily; that, perhaps, was well for him, for when a girlish figure crawled cautiously in on hands and knees, and one by one slipped the moose-hide bags softly from under his head, a heavier figure stood at the opened window, with a rifle trained on the sleeping man's heart, waiting for the first move. But twice that night luck was with MacLanaghan, and he still slept.

He woke early next morning, stiff and cold, with a vague sense of uneasiness weighing on him. Sleep had scarcely fallen from his eyes before his hand went out to feel for the dust,—it was the habit of many months.

His benumbed fingers felt nothing. He looked uncomprehendingly about the room. The place was empty; the window stood half-open; the moose-hide bags were gone.

The meaning of it all smote him like a blow. He leapt to his feet with a beast-like howl, a cry of mingled rage and defeat and hatred. As in a dream he floundered out through the snow-drifts, without shoes or furs, to the doors of the fort itself; as in a dream he joined in the excited group that told again, and in three different tongues, of the theft of the Company's last sled and dogs, of the flight of Broulette and Skipping Rabbit, of the tell-tale tracks that pointed to the South.

MacLanaghan, still dazed and bewildered, saw old Bending Back turn again and again to the lonely stretches of Great Slave Lake, and watch for Grey Wolf. Through a haze of unreality he found himself fighting and arguing with the Factor for dogs and supplies which were not to be had, pleading with the Breeds for runners, offering guns and blankets for the man who would join him in the chase. But no one came forward, and he raved about in the snow like a madman once more.

Then thinly and far away, hours after this madness had worn itself out, he heard the sound of much shouting, the sharp yelping of bewildered huskies, the tinkling of many little bells, and Grey Wolf, the pride of the Dog-Rib tribe, came flashing up under the shadow of Resolution.

It was then that hope first burned in MacLanaghan's heart. It was then, too, that the red man put the white to shame, as he listened and said no word. Turning from old Bending Back, he stooped over the trail-marks; then he gazed southward and said he was ready to go with MacLanaghan. He looked the white man up and down. "It is many miles," he said.

"Then the sooner the better," cried the Scot, in a sudden fever for action.

"To-morrow," said the runner; and with that he turned to his dogs and shut his ears to both threat and entreaty. He had come many miles; his dogs must rest. MacLanaghan still cursed, and counted the hours, and waited. He knew that his arch-foe would never rest until Fort Macleod had been left in his wake. He saw that it was to be a stern chase, a bitter, relentless race, the like of which was never before run, a race from the uppermost fringe of the frozen Barren Lands to the sweet-grass *coulées* of Southern Alberta. It was to be a race on an ice-bound course of one thousand miles and more, a course sternly laid out by river, portage, and trail, hemmed in by an inhospitable wilderness into which there could be no turning aside. It would be a race of spirit against spirit, a duel of sinew and heart, to be fought through the most desolate and forbidding country known to civilized man, a supreme and crucial test of endurance against endurance. If his great limbs had not the mettle of Grey Wolf's, the glinting small eye and the square-hung jaw showed a compensating tenacity of purpose that might shame the spirit of even a Hoochi bull-dog. And before he would lose those little bags of moose-hide, for which he had already passed through so much, he would fight to the last strength of his lean and wolfish body.

The night was still dark, but for the gold and ruby and green of the Northern Lights wavering low on the horizon far beyond the levels of Great Slave Lake, when MacLanaghan and the Indian runner made ready. Even then the fugitive had a good twenty-four hours' start of them.

Grey Wolf had chosen the frailest of his little freight-sleds, for they must travel light. MacLanaghan,

waiting in the cold twilight, turned to wonder at the incongruous strength and fragility of that Great Lone Land carrier. It was only two slender, flimsy birch-slabs, laced together with deer-skin, yet that diminutive ship of the Snow Seas could carry half a ton of freight over a thousand miles of trail defying the surest-footed horse; it was not more than a foot and a third wide, though nine good feet long, tapering gracefully off to its prow that bent imposingly up and back, where it was laced together and held in place by stout deer-skin thongs and emblazoned with gaily painted caribou-skin smart with tassel and fringe. Four stout cross-bars were lashed to the sled's bottom, the under surface of which shone like polished steel. It seemed a primitive and inadequate vehicle, at first sight, and yet the wit of man had fashioned none better for the especial work to which it was called.

Benumbed by the cold, MacLanaghan watched the Indian struggling with the raw-hide thong, cinching and lacing tightly down the deer-skin that covered the duffel. He marvelled, as he was aroused by the sharp cracking of the runner's whip and the yelping of the dogs, that such cringing, howling, snarling, ill-kept, and mangy curs could do the work they did, and in doing it all but challenge the iron-horse of the white man.

"Michel, Tête-Noir, Brandic, Gaspé," cried Grey Wolf, in turn, to the four huskies huddled together in the lee of the sled, for it was fifty degrees below zero and a cruel wind swept in from the lake.

One by one at the crack of the whip they slunk out to the Indian, and over their unwilling heads he deftly slipped the light, padded collar, crowned with its *pompon* and bunch of bright ribbons, on their cringing backs flung the bell-strung *tapis*, with its little surcingle to hold the slender traces in

position, and sent the keen whip-lash (into which pieces of lead were plaited, to give it weight and sting) whistling and singing through the frosty air. The gaunt-bodied team threw their weight on the slender traces, the harness-bells jingled, the sled swung about in a long circle and faced the river, and they were off. The pursuit had begun.

MacLanaghan, shod with the great tracking-shoes of the North, forged ahead to break the trail, already here and there overdrifted with light snow. Grey Wolf, wearing the smaller tripping-shoe, so fashioned that it fell to an inch within the track of the sled, swung on behind, crying now and then to his dogs, now and then stinging them with the loaded whip-lash.

They were a strange and motley team, but in each the Indian took his secret pride. Michel, the foregoer, was mongrel and blotched and light of weight, but tireless and trusted, unequalled as a pace-maker and trail-holder. The steer-dog, Gaspé, was the heaviest and purest husky in the brigade, a Labrador-born, a ponderous athlete on whose lithe shoulders was to fall both the bulk of the hauling and the actual guiding of the sled; Brandic, with but one eye, was a cur of uneven temper and small stature, voracious beyond belief; and Tête-Noir, slim-bellied and dun-colored, had long been branded as a thief and a maker of mischief, but never had he been known to drop out of line.

MacLanaghan, however, was not thinking of these things. In the first exhilaration of that old familiar motion it seemed to him that he was winging his way through space. The rigid, taut-strung shoe was buoyant and resilient. It carried him over the billowed and drifted snow like a ship over water, or a bird through the air. But above all things, the thought that he was on the heels of his enemy filled

him with madness once more, and sent him with ponderous strides over the blue-white wilderness of snow.

The twilight grew into morning, and the morning into day, muffled and wan, but still they swung on, without a stop, while the frost-mist gathered and rolled away, and the sun showed blood-red over the low hills. It shone on the tall figure of the Scot, with his bright-fringed blanket *capou* and wooden snow-glasses, and Four-Point coat, on the steaming dogs, on the Indian with his long-haired caribou *capou*, beaded and fringed with beaver-skin, flung loosely back as he ran, showing the red kerchief that bound and held back the lank, black streamers of hair. About his waist swung the bright sash, from a plaited cord about his neck hung his huge mittens of moose-skin, on his hurrying feet twinkled the gayest of beaded leggings. At a hill-slope now and then he caught up the trailing guiding-lines, as the team still raced and tugged on, and eased off the sled. Sometimes he floundered into the drifts, head-first, and for a moment all his flashing finery was quenched in scattered white.

Yet it was not until they were on the level unbroken reaches of Slave River that the impatient MacLanaghan felt they were striking their pace. There the drifts were wind-packed, crunching under the moccasined foot like fresh charcoal, and down that winding and twining stretch of monotonous whiteness the trail of Broulette lay before him, as clear-cut and rigidly defined as a roadway hemmed in by curb and masonry.

It was then that MacLanaghan, shutting his great jaw, with his frosted breath coating and whitening all his lank body, lunged on with quickened strides. It was then that Grey Wolf droned a chant in the tongue of the Dog-Ribs, a chant imploring Tête-Noir

to shame the wapiti with his fleetness, a prayer for Brandic to speed with the hooves of the Phantom Buffalo, a command to Michel to leap on like the Rapids of the Waziska, where the canoes can never turn back.

On and on they went, the arching sled-prow flinging aside the loose flakes and licking up the miles like a fevered tongue,—on and on, through an unchanging world of endless white, through a country low and flat and desolate. On and on they went, with the river winding and twisting and doubling on itself maddeningly. As the day wore away, they began to see stunted poplar and spruce, and the bluffs stood higher above the river-bed, and the river itself became less tortuous. Only twice all that first morning they stopped for the space of one smoke, to ease the panting dogs. At each spot MacLanaghan and the Indian exchanged shoes. Already the white man, with all his grim will, was beginning to find the Indian's pace a trying one, and for all the fifty degrees of frost in the air the sweat poured from his skin and soaked even his heavy blanket coat. Yet he said nothing. At a clear stretch he flung himself down on the end of the sled; but he could rest there only a minute. In that time his clothing stiffened and froze, and chilled to the bone, he would scramble to his feet once more, and take up the endless, unceasing stride behind the hurrying team, swinging and loping doggedly on while the rhythmical crunch of his feet beat out the painful hours.

They stopped but once for a fire, under a point of land where the kettle was hurriedly heaped with snow and a handful of Hudson Bay tea flung in as it boiled up. Then hurriedly they poured the acrid, scalding draught down their throats, and untangled the traces, and swung the leaded whip, and were off once more.

The tea seemed to relieve the pain under MacLanaghan's breast-bone, where his heart raced and drummed and pounded. The weighted lash now whistled incessantly through the air, the mottled curs yelped and tugged and scurried over the white, winding river-floor, silent, desolate, never-ending. A gray wolf skulked across the dazzle of the snow-glare; later on a few caribou flitted ghostlike across the travellers' trail, and they saw the arched back of a wolverine loping cautiously along the underbrush. The river-banks rose abruptly and heavily wooded, and the wind no longer followed them. To the white man it seemed as though they were travelling through a silent gallery of the purest marble, so laden with snow, so marmoreal, was every shrub and hill and knoll. Now and then a forlorn stretch of black stumpage showed spectrally above the river-bed, where some forest fire had eaten down to the very water's edge. Around them the air hung muffled and quiet and deceptively keen, like a naked razor-blade wrapped in flannel.

As they swept on from headland to headland, losing not an inch in their course, they could still read the history of Broulette's journey as from an open book. Here the fugitive had rested his tired dogs; there the Indian girl had been sent ahead to break the trail; here he had adjusted the slip-strings of his shoe, and for ten miles the girl had ridden on the sled, before they made their tea; and there again (Grey Wolf pointed to it grimly) Broulette had stopped a moment to look back. But still the snow-shoes of the two pursuers crunched out the endless hours. At times the ice was rough and broken; at other times there were open rapids to circumvent. Then they seized the guide-lines and eased off the sled as it bounded and rocked over its rough course. Then on and

on they went again, until the sky above them paled, and the red sun fell, and the Lights showed green and pink in the North, and a grayness settled over all their world. The cold, hard, crystalline Northern stars came out, and the mutinous dogs had to be shouted at and lashed and harried; and the Scot's aching limbs followed as mutinously in their wake. His mind was back in the Hudson Bay post at Prince Albert, dreaming of open fires, and steaming kettles, and many soft blankets; still later he imagined he heard the call of curlews and the sound of North Sea surf in his ears. He grew faint, and tottered at times, and the surf-beat changed to an endless ringing in his head. The strange crackling of the tense air seemed to him like the very lash of Hell itself on his heels. But still he pushed on. It was not until he stumbled and fell headlong in the open snow that Grey Wolf pulled up, and made ready to camp for the night. The runner was not a man of many words: he read his course by moss and tree-trunk, and his time by length of shadow and light-tones on drifts, and kept his own counsel; but as he cleared the camp-space with his snow-shoe he looked about on certain familiar land-marks, and quietly said they had made seventy-three miles that day.

MacLanaghan heard it dully. All he cared for was the scalding, bitter, bracing tea, and he looked on with half unseeing eyes while the Indian unharnessed his dogs, and hung up the leather strappings, and unlaced the deer-skin covering their duffel. Inertly he watched while the Indian gathered wood with his great buffalo-knife, and kneaded together the flour and pemmican, and heaped the teakettle with snow, till the pungent, foul smell of the Inconnu fish being thawed for the dogs smote disturbingly on his nostrils, and

filled him with a sudden over-powering passion of hunger. He crept nearer and watched while the pemmican bannock browned before the coals, watched with wolfish eyes while the tea was thrown into the pail and the bannock was turned out. And under the open stars, to the howling of distant wolves, the strange couple crouched down in the wilderness of snow, and ate. A fish was thrown to each of the snarling and fighting dogs, and was snapped up ravenously. Then the Indian stripped some neighboring jack-pine of its branches and flung them to the lee of the fire, which was itself heaped with wood. Standing erect, the men rolled themselves carefully in their blankets, and flung themselves down on the pine boughs, with their feet to the fire. MacLanaghan's heart was still pounding too fiercely to allow him to sleep, and as he lay under the high, open heavens he asked himself again and again if it was not all a dream; and many times his hand went out to feel for the little moosehide bags. About the outer gloom he could catch the glare of eight fierce eyes; above the sharp crackling of the fire from the low hills to the West he could hear the dismal howl of timber-wolves. The night deepened, and the cold and silence increased. The fire sank low; the dogs, growing bolder, crept to the inner circle of the coals, only to be kicked away by the awakened Grey Wolf; the silence was torn by a sharp bark or two; the men turned over, and the camp slept.

It was still dark when MacLanaghan was wakened by the sharp "*Leve, leve, leve!*" of the runner. The ashes were hurriedly stirred, the tea-kettle was heaped, and the pemmican bannock kneaded once more. The sulky dogs were caught and harnessed, while the Scot forged painfully ahead, to break the first hour's trail. His limbs were heavy and stiff, but he decided to

sweat it out. The frost-mist gathered and rolled away, the twilight thinned, and once more the world of spectral white lay about them.

The white man's eyes had grown sullen and fixed and dog-like; he scarcely noticed the new country into which they were passing, the more sharply defined river-banks, the larger timber, the thick poplar and birch and pine that stood on all sides of them. Late in the afternoon they passed Salt River, and pushed on for Fort Smith. Then the Indian went ahead and broke the trail; then MacLanaghan went ahead; then the Indian went ahead, and again MacLanaghan. But over their fire that midnight MacLanaghan fell to chanting old Scottish songs, in a tongue the like of which the Dog-Rib runner had never before heard; and from that night on the white man lost all count of time. He only knew that it was necessary to face the cruel frost long before the first grayness of dawn, that he must push on and on until the darkness of night again shut him in, and sleep brought relief to his aching legs, that tea must be drunk, and dogs must be rested, and that somewhere in the end some forgotten ghost-like figure was to be overtaken. A snowstorm fell around them, but still they pushed on. Sometimes the Indian led, and sometimes the white man. At Fort Chippewan they could get neither fresh dogs nor fish for their team, and thereafter men and dogs ate bannock together. But still they pushed on, stripping their sled to the last pound, *caching* their rifle, striking southward through a country of muskeg and lake and swamp towards Lac La Biche, but ever floundering and battling and pushing on. They could read where one of Broulette's dogs had given out; they could read his rage as he had stamped about in the snow when his harness had broken; they could see

how he had forced the girl to follow the sled, commanding no more riding in that rough country; and the girl herself, they could see by her erratic footsteps, was weak and all but falling. It was Grey Wolf, then, who led for the next hour.

The pain in MacLanaghan's swimming head grew sharper; the racing heart, crying out its last protests, sounded to him like the hurried, heavy booming of a drum. Only one dull fixed thought kept him up,—the thought that he must still keep on, and on, and ever on, until he and the other stood face to face. When, or how long after, it was that they pulled up on a ridge of poplar MacLanaghan never knew. Yet a sudden cry escaped both men's lips as they gazed out over the white floor of the frozen lake beneath them, for in the remote, dazzling distance, slowly creeping toward the further shore, they made out a small moving speck.

"Broulette!" cried the Grey Wolf.

"Broulette!" echoed the white man, turning drunkenly to the still fresh trail. The Dog-Rib runner caught up his whip, the traces were untangled, and once more, and as never before, his dogs were lashed and beaten on. They plunged down the long slope and won the open level of the lake, the white man, in some new-born madness, floundering on ahead until the ice-floor undulated and heaved and swam, till the thousand piercing needles of the dreaded *mal de raquette* forced him down on his hands and knees. In that way he still crawled grotesquely forward on all fours, his teeth showing like a timber-wolf's. Then he fought to his feet once more, and saw the little creeping speck steal in through the underbrush, still miles away, saw the wooded shores float nearer and nearer, heard the cries of the Indian runner behind him grow feebler, but still pushed on,

knowing at last it was the beginning of the end.

Beyond the lake lay a broken and wooded country, but even there no trail could escape them in the virgin snow. It was still to be a race to the death. MacLanaghan's hour of madness wore itself away, and now he dragged and stumbled and limped up the slopes and heavier drifts. His blistered feet burned like fire, but still he kept on. The cries of the runner behind him grew more distinct again, but still he did not despair. He could see, exultingly, where one of Broulette's dogs was travelling with a bleeding paw; he could see where his enemy had first caught sight of him and flung away much of his duffel. Then the pain in the muscles of his legs grew unbearable again, and once more he fell on his hands and knees, and crawled, dragging his torn and sodden snow-shoes after him. But again he struggled to his feet and limped and stumbled on. One of the dogs fell, and Grey Wolf cut the harness and left him behind.

Suddenly from a wooded headland the runner called out to him, "Lac La Biche!" And remote and white and wide, through the gloom of the intervening wooded hills, MacLanaghan could see the great level expanse; but through that clear northern air, as he looked, he saw something more. Lunging on, his eyes dimly, doggedly following the racing team of Broulette, he suddenly beheld the runner drop to the rear of the hurrying sled, where the Dog-Rib girl lay exhausted. He saw the uplifted hand strike and fling her off into the snow, and Broulette himself drop into her place on the sled. And MacLanaghan, seeing this drunkenly, drew his sash tighter, and half forgot the thousand needles of pain that tortured him. His lank jaws remained no longer set, but hung loosely, for now the distended nostril

could no longer feed the panting lungs. A pallor was on his face, and his eyes were hollow.

Then, as he looked again, as at the shifting figures in a nightmare, he saw a still stranger thing. He saw Broulette, seated on his sled, slit open, one by one with his buffalo-knife, the little bags of moose-hide, and as his weakening team raced on, fling far and wide on each side of him, with laughter and demoniac shouts that drifted back through the still air to his pursuers, handful by handful, and nugget by nugget, every ounce of that precious gold-dust for which they had passed through so much. He sowed it broadcast as he went, to the last grain, as a sower flings wheat across an open field, and shouted back his maddened defiance.

But MacLanaghan seemed not to understand, as foot by foot he clung to him, and gained on him, and hauled him down. Foot by foot, like the animal he had become, he panted after him, with frothing mouth, and drew down on him, and hungered for him.

Then, of a sudden, the flying dog-train's fore-goer fell, and was unable to rise. The others tumbled and sprawled and rolled over him; the sled swerved and capsized. And seeing it, MacLanaghan howled sharply, yet joyously.

Broulette struggled to his feet, with his buffalo-knife in his hand, waiting, knowing it was the end.

In the midst of a world of snow and silence and desolation the hunter and the hunted came together. MacLanaghan drew back for a moment, panting, struggling for breath before that last effort. The other saw his purpose, and advanced to meet him. The gasping Scot still drew back, fumbling for his knife; every moment, he knew, meant much to him. He gave one hurried look back at the dog-train, one look at the drawn and with-

ered face of his foe, and then the two men closed.

Grey Wolf, floundering up a minute later with the girl on his sled, beheld the two swaying figures weakly trample down the snow. He saw the languid flash of steel in the sunlight, and heard the blades clash and strike above the heavy breathing of the two men. But he stood sternly by, and watched, and said nothing; and the Indian girl, too, sat on the sled impassively, and made no sign.

Yet there, now that the time had come, neither of the two fighting men had strength for a final blow, standing impotent, face to face, after all those miles of flight and pursuit.

Then a sudden little cry of rage burst from MacLanaghan, for Broulette had seized his naked knife-blade in his mittened hand, and held it there, with his arm uplifted. The Scot fell back before that descending blow, unarmed, with a terror-stricken face, knowing all was over.

Without a word the knife of the Indian whisked and flashed through the air, and fell suddenly at his feet. MacLanaghan caught it up, with a child-like little cry, and once more stood ready. Broulette laughed wickedly, and again the men closed. Both had begun to bleed about the hands and shoulders. But Grey Wolf still impassively waited for the blow that was to count.

It came unexpectedly, yet not from the hand of MacLanaghan. As the tall Scot lunged at the other's throat and missed his stroke, Broulette suddenly saw his chance, and braced himself to fling the full weight of his arm behind the blow,—but that blow never fell.

Skiping Rabbit, unnoticed and unseen, had picked up the abandoned knife from the snow. Then silently as a shadow she crept to the side of her panting and struggling betrayer,

and there, at the last, with one deliberate blow, she sank the knife into his open side. As she slowly withdrew the blade, which had pierced through the moose-hide coat and the shirt of plaited rabbit-skin and half the man's body, a little bright jet of blood followed it, and stained the snow at her feet.

For a moment Broulette looked at it dully; then his fingers relaxed on his up-poised knife-handle, and he sank slowly down, doubling and twisting limply up on his wide snowshoes. It was then that the forsaken huskie, creeping up after the train, ventured slinkingly into the trodden circle and smelt at the red blotches on the drifts. As he did so he lifted his lean snout to the blue sky and howled forlornly,

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till the great moccasined foot of Grey Wolf kicked him away.

The Indian then flung his little copper tea-kettle at the feet of the squaw, who had still said no word. She heaped it with snow, and made ready the fire, in silence. Yet this speechless drama MacLanaghan neither saw nor understood, for his shaking fingers were carefully counting out many little pieces of broken snow-crust, one by one, again and again, mumblingly, contentedly, as happily as a child might count its toys. Grey Wolf and the young squaw of the Dog-Ribs gazed at him in silent wonder; for to the Indian mind a madman becomes a being mysteriously sacred, to be looked on with awe, and to be sought out with reverence.

Arthur Stringer.

SOME AMERICAN DOUBTS.

These wretched insurance scandals, this spectacle of men high in the commerce and public life of the United States using the accumulated thrift of millions of policyholders for their personal gain, these multiplying tokens of corruption, lawlessness and a stony materialism—are they, I wonder, beginning to impress even the mercurial optimism of Americans with some sense of anxiety and doubt? They well might. It would indeed be difficult to point to a country where the body politic is more manifestly diseased than in America. Only the grosser symptoms are discernible three thousand miles away, and the grosser symptoms by the very fact of their grossness tend to cure themselves. It is the everyday conditions that matter, the evils that a blunted national conscience has come to endure with scarcely a pang, almost indeed without realizing that they are evils. What we are witness-

ing in the case of the American insurance companies is no more than the culmination under circumstances of peculiar iniquity of a spirit which seems to be permeating all American life—the spirit of illicit gain, the spirit, as Americans call it, of “graft.”

It is appallingly intensive and not less appallingly extensive. One can hardly pick up an American paper from whatever State without finding traces of its workings. Within the last two years there have been three exposures of gigantic stock-company frauds, each one of them worthy to rank in rascality with the worst—it is saying a good deal—we have ever known in England. Only a few weeks ago an official in the Department of Agriculture was convicted of selling advance information of the cotton-crop reports to brokers on the Cotton Exchange. Since 1903 three United States senators have been indicted for

fraud and two have been found guilty. It is less than three years since the National Post Office was proved to be a nest of corruption and jobbery. President Roosevelt has just found it necessary to dismiss the superintendent of the Government printing-office. Philadelphia at this moment has only partially, and by the most heroic measures, loosened the hold of a band of public robbers. The present Governor of Missouri owes his position simply to the courage with which as District Attorney he exposed the rottenness of the municipality of St. Louis. Arkansas has recently indicted four State senators and two representatives for bribery. The California Senate has expelled four of its members for the same cause. Kansas has appropriated £3000 to probe well-grounded reports of official dishonesty. The District Attorney of New York was declaring the other day that the city's police force was in a formal league with thieves and murderers. Louisiana is struggling to eradicate blackmail and the protection of crime from the New Orleans police force. Wisconsin, after expelling a member of the Senate, has indicted twenty-one members of the Milwaukee Municipal Board. Texas is trying to round up a band of car-line "grafters." Oregon is busily investigating land frauds. South Carolina, Nebraska, Minnesota, New Jersey, Connecticut, West Virginia, Ohio and Indiana have each and all scandals on hand of greater or less magnitude; and I see by last Wednesday's *Daily Telegraph* that Mr. Roosevelt has returned to Washington "to find the public service at a lower ebb than it has been for many years."

One immediate cause of all this is that the United States, which used to be a Government representative of the people, has become an oligarchy representative of special interests. A powerful American writer described about

a year ago, with absolute accuracy, the three classes that compose this ruling oligarchy: (1) Saloon-keepers, gamblers, and others who engage in businesses that degrade; (2) Contractors, capitalists, bankers, financiers, company promoters, big merchants and manufacturers who can make money by getting franchises and concessions and other property of the community more cheaply by bribery than by paying the community; (3) Politicians who are willing to seek and accept office with the aid and endorsement of the classes already mentioned. These three classes, he went on to say, combine and get control of the party machine.

They nominate and elect men who will agree to help them rob the City or the State for the benefit of themselves, and who will agree also not to enforce the laws in regard to the various businesses that degrade a community. We find under various modifications this criminal oligarchy in control of many communities in the United States. We find representatives of this combination in the United States Senate, among Governors of States, State legislators, mayors, aldermen, police officials. We find them among men in business life—captains of industry, bankers, street-railway magnates. In short, wherever franchises or contracts of any kind are to be secured from a community, we find leading citizens in the ring to rob their own neighbors, managers of corporations bribing law-makers, lawyers for pay helping their clients to bribe safely, jurors refusing to render just verdicts.

That is not an exaggerated picture. The alliance between organized wealth and conscienceless political leadership is the determining and constant factor of American public life. From the smallest municipality in the country up to the United States Senate there is not an elected body of any kind that does not contain some members who are the nominees and representatives of one

or other of the Trusts, and charged with the well-understood mission of protecting its interests at any cost. The moral lawlessness thus engendered engenders in its turn physical lawlessness. Is it a small fact, for instance, that 3337 persons should have been lynched in the United States between 1882 and 1903? Is it a small fact that the number of murders and homicides should now be four and a half times as great for each million of the population as it was twenty years ago—that between eight and ten thousand Americans should be annually murdered? Is it a small fact that the present Secretary of War, himself a lawyer and an ex-judge, should feel impelled to describe the administration of criminal law in America as "a disgrace to our civilization," and should be able to prove his contention by an irrefutable appeal to judicial records? Since 1885 there have been in the United States 131,951 murders and homicides and 2286 executions. In 1885 the number of murders was 1808. In 1904 it had increased to 8482. The number of executions in 1885 was 108. In 1904 the number was 110.

These are terrible facts and they raise terrible problems. A debauched political system, an atmosphere of private and public corruption and lawlessness, an inefficient judiciary, and, surrounding and permeating everything else, a spirit of materialism more crude, more grasping, more pitiless than any the world has yet experienced—whither will so portentous a combination lead? No one can pretend to say. Even Americans do not attempt with any confidence to forecast the future of their civilization: the data are perhaps too many, the conditions too novel and complex. The indus-

trial future alone is full of menacing possibilities. Labor in America, already violent in its methods, is just becoming conscious both of politics and economics; conscious, that is to say, that by organization it may hope to control the ballot-box, and conscious too that there is something for it to learn in the Trusts and in Wall Street. The new American unionism is deliberately preparing to fight monopoly with monopoly. Its objective is the same as the Trusts'—to crush competition. One drives the independent company ruthlessly to the wall, the other painfully discourages the blackleg. The Union boycotts, the Trust blacklists; the Union has its pickets, the Trust its paid spies; each limits output, each restricts membership; one fixes a minimum price, the other a minimum wage; both clamor for special legislation, and both in their different spheres seek a complete monopoly—the one of production, the other of labor. The concentration of wealth and management in a few hands is gradually heading off opportunity, and giving to the struggle with labor the aspects and the ferocity of a class war; and labor, already embittered by that very lack of natural distinctions between class and class that theoretically should have softened the relations of employers and employed, retaliates upon capital with dynamite, the rifle and the torch, feeling that force alone can bring the high Toryism of America to its knees. No one can contemplate these phenomena without deep misgivings, deeper in the case of America than in that of any other country because of the absence of those ideals of social welfare and conduct that elsewhere might mitigate the harshness of materialism.

Sydney Brooks.

RUSSIA AND BRITAIN.

We are glad to see that the proposal for placing our relations with Russia on a more satisfactory basis seems to be getting better understood by the Russian people and by Russian statesmen. The leaders of public opinion are beginning to realize that those who desire such an understanding in this country have no aggressive motives, and that the last thing they wish to do is to form an alliance which shall be antagonistic to any other Power or Powers. As we said on a recent occasion, no sane person here contemplates anything in the nature of an alliance or agreement to do any specific act in co-operation with Russia. All we want is a diplomatic clearing up of the existing situation, and the placing of our relations with the Government of the Czar upon an intelligible and friendly footing. We do not ask the Russians to join us in attacking any other Power, or in checking any other Power's ambitions, for the very good and sufficient reason that we entertain no such projects, and would not listen to them even if proposed by Russia. We merely desire that Russia and Britain shall understand each other, and shall each give up aspirations which may lead to antagonism and hostile feeling.

In order to arrive at such an understanding, let us see what things must necessarily be made clear to Russia by us. To begin with, we must give Russia assurances that we have not the slightest intention of making our Alliance with Japan a pretext for any great aggressive movement in Asia. We must convince her that there is no desire on our part either to claim anything approaching to a leadership in Asia, or to infringe in any way the

rights of other Powers in that continent. We are content with the *status quo*, and have no desire to alter it for our benefit. All this is so obvious to the ordinary Englishman, and so determined is he to avoid fresh Asian adventures if he can possibly do so, that he hardly understands the necessity of making it clearer than it is; and doubtless our Government tend to share this belief that no proof can be wanted of our peaceful aspirations, and of our desire to keep the existing situation in Asia unchanged. Our Government, however, must not be content with the knowledge of their own good intentions. They must put themselves in the place of Russia, and realize her suspicions of our *bona-fides*. If they will do that, we cannot believe that they will find it impossible to convince the Russians that we have no aggressive designs, and that all we want is to leave things as they are. The Alliance with Japan is essentially a policy of insurance, not the prospectus of a company trying to enlarge its activities. But we must do more than merely assure the Russians that we are not going to enter upon any new forward policy in Asia. We must show them also that we are quite willing to abandon our old suspicions of them, and are no longer the Power which forbids them to seek access to the open water, or prevents the fulfilment of their secular aspirations in regard to Constantinople. But, while making it plain to Russia that we have finally and frankly abandoned our old policy in respect of Constantinople and the Levant, we must also take care that we make it clear to her that we are not abandoning that policy from any sinister design of embar-

rassing her with other Powers. We must not seem to be offering Russia what it is not ours to give, or to act in any way the part of the mischief-maker. All we should do is to give her frank assurances that as far as we are concerned the old attitude of forbidding her approach to and control over Constantinople is for ever abandoned.

It may be that Russia will find that, as a matter of fact, it has not been Britain who during the past ten or fifteen years has thwarted her aspirations in this direction. All we can do, and all that we desire to do, is to make it clear once and for all that Russia has no longer got to reckon with our antagonism. If she finds a sentinel to challenge her on the Bosphorus, he will not have been posted there by us. No doubt it is possible for Russia to reply: "Thank you for nothing!" but, in spite of that, we are convinced that Russia would greatly prefer to know that we have ceased to regard the integrity and independence of the Turkish Empire as among the greatest of British interests. In other words, if Russia can arrive at an understanding with the rest of the Powers as to the future of the Turkish Empire which will not destroy the independence of the Balkan States, we shall be glad to acquiesce in such an agreement, and shall give no support to any influences which may seek to prevent its accomplishment. To represent this attitude as an attempt to embroil Russia with her neighbors is surely most unreasonable. It would obviously be the height of folly for Britain to keep up a fictitious anti-Russian policy concerning Constantinople from fear of being accused of a desire to make mischief. Yet this is in effect what those demand who accuse us of Machiavellian designs against Russia in urging the abandonment of our old policy of maintaining the integrity and independence

of the Turkish Empire at all costs. It would be specially foolish of the *Spectator* to make such a pretence, since for the last ten years we have consistently advocated an understanding with Russia on the basis of abandoning our old policy of blocking the road to Constantinople. Russia, as we have said, may possibly find that her path to Constantinople is barred by forces over which we have no control; but at any rate do not let us incur the odium of appearing to be the Power which keeps her from access to the open water.

When we have made it clear, first, that we have no aggressive intentions in Asia; next, that we have abandoned our old policy as regards Constantinople; and finally, that we have not done so from any desire to make mischief, but purely because we realize our mistake, we can turn to the question of obtaining from Russia assurances as to her policy towards India. Would it not be possible for her to give us assurances that she has no wish to conquer India, and is perfectly willing to abandon any attempt to interfere in Afghanistan? We ourselves have always maintained that Russian activity in Afghanistan was not really based upon any desire to conquer India for itself, but was merely a form of counter-attack intended to answer our hostility in the Near East. We took the lead in checking Russian projects for development in the Near East, and she replied to us by threatening India, and causing us the maximum of embarrassment on our North-West Frontier. If Russia would once make it clear that she had no aggressive intentions towards India by altering her policy as regards Afghanistan, we might ultimately reach an understanding in the matter of Persia and the Persian Gulf. At present it is very difficult to get the British Government to con-

sider proposals for allowing Russia to reach the open water in the Persian Gulf, because any such movement has come to be regarded as part of the policy of attacking India. We have always urged that Russia's anxiety to reach the Persian Gulf was not primarily due to any wish to threaten India, but solely to the natural desire to reach the open sea. Hitherto we have preached to deaf ears. If, however, Russia were to abandon the menace which she now offers on the Indian frontier, we feel sure that public opinion here could very soon be brought to consent to Russian influence being extended in Persia. The main impediment in the way is the fact that Russia has inspired the British people with the belief that she is only biding her time to invade India.

We must express once more the belief that if the Russian Government and Russian people could clearly realize the real nature of our aspirations both in Asia and Europe, they would find that there was no obstacle to an understanding which would place our relations on a friendly footing. The difficulty is to make Russia understand that we neither are nor desire to be her enemy, and that the very last thing which British diplomacy would be capable of accomplishing, even if it desired to do so, is to manœuvre Russia into a position of enmity with her nearest European neighbor. That is a task which even a Bismarck would probably fail to accomplish, and it is certainly as much outside the capacity as it is outside the desire of any Minister who is likely to conduct our foreign relations in the present genera-

tion. We do not breed diplomatists of that kind in Whitehall.

It must, of course, lie mainly with our Foreign Office to enlighten the minds of the Russians as regards our policy. The Press, however, may do something, and we trust that the attempt will be made. We are convinced that there is no essential hostility here to Russia, though there is, and always has been, a good deal of dread of her as the possible instrument through which the Englishman, to use Kinglake's phrase, may lose "his loved India." But even if the task of enlightening the Russians as to our true policy is considered to be a hopeless one by the Foreign Office, we still trust that an attempt will be made to undertake the work. It can do no harm to try, and if successful it would assure the peace of the world for many years. The first and last thing, whatever the Press inspired from Berlin may say to the contrary, is to remember that an understanding between Russia and Britain such as we desire is not meant to injure, and cannot injure, the just rights or pretensions of Germany or any other Power. No doubt, if it is one of the just rights of Germany to keep Russia and England at enmity, then Germany would be injured by such an understanding. If, however, it is conceded that Britain does not infringe any rights by being friends with other Powers, then we claim to be doing nothing immoral or contrary to the peace of the world by advocating an understanding with Russia. Germany, like every other Power, will benefit by a new assurance of international peace.

WHO ARE THE VULGAR?

Sir Edward Fry in his address at the Birkbeck College on "Study as a Check to Vulgarity" put the case for education from a point of view that has been much overlooked. The end and aim of education as the cultivation of morals and manners is not altogether a popular conception; and if it became so we should then have one of the rare instances of common thought not being the same thing as vulgarity. Sir Edward Fry does not define or describe vulgarity by any specific marks, but its general characteristics are clearly assumed by him to be shallowness of mind and character. In whatever class of life there is indifference to the great subjects of human interest; the history of the world and its destiny; man's past and present and his possible future; where there is no overawing sense of the mystery of the eternal things, and all satisfaction or dissatisfaction arises from the presence or absence of certain material goods; there we have to recognize vulgarity. But really we ought not to speak of classes in this connexion. Plainly if these are the evidences of vulgarity one can make no distinction of class. We have the lowest class of debased poor, who, so far as we can judge from outward signs, are immersed in a repulsive animalism. Amongst the rich we are familiar enough with an animalism which is not outwardly so disagreeable but is intrinsically more repellent because it seems to have less excuse. And yet the poor on the whole have in most times been at least as susceptible to religious impressions, and as interested in other world problems as those of higher social rank and superior education. They may not have been so sensible and so discriminating, but granted the interest our

point is that they could not be considered vulgar. So that we must treat vulgarity as a personal characteristic, and the question is what effect may education or study, as Sir Edward Fry calls it, have in mitigating or removing it.

Perhaps it will not do very much, else how are we to explain the fact that we have "more refinement in many cottages than in many stately mansions"? Is not that essentially the result of, to use a simple phrase, being born so? It seems exactly parallel to the well-known cases where poor youths have been natural-born students and eager for knowledge, and have made up for all the disadvantages of their unfavorable surroundings. But comparatively there are few poor boys who have such an inclination, just as there are comparatively few boys who have it in the higher classes. Neither a thirst for knowledge, nor a dignity of character which arises from a profound sense of the mysterious realities of the world of nature and man, can be created if they do not exist naturally; and prescribed study or education can only play a subordinate part in affecting the original character. The effect of study is just what the person himself makes of it; it depends on the character he brings to it. Unpleasant manners are due to the want of training, or to the great majority of people having to earn their livelihood either in coarse employment or in businesses which take off the finer edge of manners. These disagreeables are what are usually termed vulgarities; they are the kind of things specially shocking to a precise and ultra-respectable class of persons of whom the type used to be, but perhaps not so much now, the old maiden lady. Their ideal

of refinement is the elimination of all these breaches of a standard of outward propriety and decorum: and yet according to the real test for vulgarity these fastidious people may be as essentially vulgar as the roughest of workmen or the most demonstrative, obtrusive, and indelicate person of any of the classes whose manners they dislike. How vulgar most of us are may be seen from the fact that we should prefer the man of pleasant manners to the greatest of sages whose outward bearing was disagreeable; and there have been many instances of such sages who might be mentioned. They have not been able to take on the surface polish which is often taken to be the antithesis of vulgarity. But generally speaking outward vulgarities are amenable to treatment; while we see little likelihood of study or education altering essentially the fact that most people must remain vulgar, simply because it is not in the nature of things for the majority to think the thoughts and experience the feelings of the highest type of men.

Sir Edward Fry selects as examples of prevalent vulgarity the politics of the man in the street, the vulgarization of writing and reading, the cheap trip, and the "poisonous excitement of gambling." All these would undoubtedly disappear as if by magic if we could suppose that it is possible to create by any course of study the serious view of life which it is natural for Sir Edward to take, or for that admirable type of young person who avails himself of the advantages of the Birkbeck College. By all means let us have no stint of such institutions where the flower of the nation may find the means for cultivating its natural tastes, and where talent may be trained for public service. But why are not Birkbeck Colleges attractive to the young men who read the inferior parts of inferior newspapers, who have no taste

for literature, and who are infected with the poisonous excitement of gambling? They are the contemporaries of the Birkbeck College young men, and therefore have been under the same social influences. Even if we put the blame on the defective education of the schools we cannot say they have been under any special disability. Yet they persist in their vulgar reading and their vulgar amusements. Such difference as exists between the Bodleian Library and "one of the new municipal libraries, founded perhaps by the munificence of Mr. Carnegie and supported by the rates," such natural difference there is in the characters of readers. With a high taste in literature we may believe that the contemptible reading matter now in the hands of all classes would disappear, and that there would no longer be poisonous excitement in gambling for minds that responded to lofty emotions. But the fact is this taste must be there implanted by nature or no prescription of study can produce it. Whether boys are reading the classics of Rome or Greece or the classics of England, amongst how many of them will you find the tone or the gesture which tells of the response to a higher order of thought and feeling? We have seen a boy in tears over a passage of the Bible, and his companions, with the same passage before their eyes, looking at him in stupid wonder and then bursting out in laughter at him. He was probably not a cleverer boy, was not better at arithmetic or any of the exact sciences, which Sir Edward Fry recommends as a corrective to vulgarity of thinking, but he had that particular temper of mind to which the mysteries of things appeal. We should not like to think that the "higher vulgarity" must cease to be before the lower vulgarities of which Sir Edward spoke can disappear. It is probably a root fact in human na-

ture that what most men think and do will continue to be vulgar, that is have a certain kind of commonness, or rough-and-readiness which neglects the subtler aspects of most questions. There are many equity lawyers and even judges, but Sir Edward Fry has been distinguished amongst them for his refinement of view. They may be regarded as "vulgar" in comparison with Sir Edward; and the comparison holds when we are comparing man with man in regard to other things on which they form opinions and judgments. Excessive gambling, excessive athletics, excessive drinking, and excessive reading of printed banalities will most probably be checked by the growth of ordinary common sense, and the introduction of a little more va-

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riety into dull lives. They are fashions which will dwindle down as bicycling did, and as motor-car driving, as we see it at present, will no doubt in course of time. It is not because these particular excesses are vulgarities but because most of them are dangerous that we may hope for a change, and their disappearance to a large extent. Whatever is taken in hand by a great number of people, whether as politicians or cheap-trippers, will inevitably be vulgarized, but Nature herself seems to intend this; she preserves the average and the mean. For Sir Edward Fry and the Birkbeck collegians and all others who feel above the average there is the consolation, rather a barren one, of criticizing this arrangement.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Under the title "The Life that Counts" and in the dainty typography of the Merrymount Press, Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. present a series of nine addresses to young people by Samuel V. Cole, President of Wheaton Seminary. The imagery and some of the truths are as old as Ezekiel, but the problems considered are latter-day; and the life which the book exalts before young people is one of large and helpful service and of religious ideals.

Macmillan's Magazine, which is the oldest of the English shilling monthlies, joins the sixpenny magazines with its November number, possibly with a view to taking the place made vacant by the withdrawal of Longman's. The type is larger and clearer and the double column page is discarded. Other changes in the English magazine world are rumored, among them the transformation of one maga-

zine into a vehicle for one complete story each month, and nothing more.

Two books to be published immediately by the Oxford University Press are "A Primer of Classical and English Philology," by Dr. W. W. Skeat, and "The Criticism of the Fourth Gospel," by Dr. William Sanday—a series of eight lectures delivered in New York last autumn. These will shortly be followed by the new edition of "The Plays and Poems of Robert Greene," edited by Mr. J. Churton Collins, and "The Lyrical Poems of Blake," edited by Mr. John Sampson.

Edwin Carlisle Litsey has chosen a fitting title for the volume which contains his seven stirring stories of animal life. "The Race of the Swift" portrays hawk, raccoon, fox, wildcat, and wolf on the hunt—in nearly every instance, on the last hunt. The stories

are remarkably well told, in a vivid, direct style in which the narrative and descriptive are admirably blended. Perhaps the most interesting of all is "The Guardian of the Flock"—the tragedy of the outlaw sheep-dog. Little, Brown & Co.

A. C. McClurg & Co. publish a holiday edition, from new plates, and with illustrations in color by Florence Scovel Shinn, of Gullielma Zollinger's charming story, "The Widow O'Callaghan's Boys." To those who love boys, the popularity of a book like this is one of the brightest signs of the times. As a story of boy-life of today it could scarcely be improved. The Widow herself is of the shrewd, sensible, cheery type, but her portrait is drawn without that touch of burlesque or melodrama which has marred so many in recent fiction; her seven boys, of ages from fifteen down, are natural, hearty fellows; and their experiences, though they make absorbing reading, all fall within the bounds of everyday possibility. Thoroughly wholesome and stimulating in its moral tone, the book will delight any boy from eight to twelve, and it will delight his father and mother to see him reading it.

One of the most striking "first novels" of recent years is published by A. C. McClurg & Co., from the pen of Will Lillibridge. The opening chapters of "Ben Blair" introduce the lonely boy who is to be its hero beside his dying mother, in a desolate cabin on the South Dakota plains, and the succession of stirring incidents that follow is given dignity as well as unity by the resolute purpose of the man grown to avenge her on the scoundrel who had abandoned her. The story reaches its climax in Ben Blair's solitary pursuit of the horse thief whom he suspects to be the object of his hate,

and the fifty odd pages which describe the trail and capture are among the very best of their kind. The romance which furnishes the secondary interest of the book leads the hero to city life, where the writer draws too strongly the contrast by which he means to point a wholesome moral and loses, somewhat, his hold on his reader. But continued work like that in the first two thirds of the book will ensure Mr. Lillibridge a place in the front rank of novelists of the West.

The volume of addresses and lectures to which Professor William P. Trent of Columbia University gives the title of its opening paper, "Greatness in Literature," is of unusual interest and value to the thoughtful reader, be he amateur or professional. Discussing earnestly, candidly, and with a marked direction toward practical result, such topics as the true standard of greatness in literature, the relation of criticism to faith, the worth of the popular judgment in art, the love of poetry as a qualification for teaching English, the antagonism between scientists and men of letters and the need for more catholicity among educators, Professor Trent's tone is that of one who aims to convince rather than to entertain, but he has not been able to deny himself an epigram now and then, and his pages are full of temptations to the borrower. The paper on "Teaching Literature," which considers methods and details and suggests the possibility of "sacrificing the spirit while we examine on the letter," will be read with special zest by teachers. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

In "Paradise" Alice Brown returns to those studies of rural life in which she won her first signal success. Uncle Jotham, counting his pulse in pleased anticipation of a heart spell; Ann Parsons, the nurse with a nat'ral gift;

Timothy Gale, who has been righteous for over forty year and is pretty nigh sick on't; Lindy, the light of love; Clary Dwight, dying in consumption, and her brother Malory, loyal in spite of himself to the reckless woman who has betrayed his honor—all these are rural types, comic or tragic, though depicted with that rare gift which makes each individual. But the central figure, Barbara, the conjurer's niece, with the purity and simplicity of her nature strangely touched by the faith of the astrologer and the palmist—Barbara seems a creature of another sphere, the sphere of fancy, of the ideal. The captious may question her right to be, in this region of realism, but her lover, Nicholas the woodsman, and the old doctor with his visions and rhapsodies, are not unfit companions for her. Real or ideal, she throws a spell over the reader—the spell of a being radiant, exquisite with love and hope. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Of close and compact interest is the slender volume in which Houghton, Mifflin & Co. publish two lectures delivered by Henry James during his recent visit to this country. The address to the graduating class of Bryn Mawr, on "The Question of Our Speech," attracted much attention at the time, by its sharp criticism of the press and public schools, but the candid reader must admit the force of its strictures and regret only that they could not have reached a still larger audience. The lecture on "Balzac," delivered first before the Contemporary Club of Philadelphia, is a masterpiece of analysis and appreciation, full of brilliant, quotable sentences. Passages of special note are the comparison between Balzac and Zola, the contrast—in point of "that respect for the liberty of the subject" which Mr. James "would be willing to name as the great sign painter of the first or-

der"—between Balzac's treatment of Valerie and Thackeray's of Becky Sharp, and the fine conclusion in which Balzac's "heaviness" is likened to the weight of "a towering idol, in the sacred grove, gilded thick with so much gold—plated and burnished and bright, in the manner of towering idols."

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. begin a second series of biographies of American Statesmen with a life of James Gillespie Blaine by Mr. Edward Stanwood. Subject and author are well chosen: subject, because of all the men prominent in public affairs in the period subsequent to the civil war, to which this series is to be devoted, there is no figure more picturesque nor one which moved through events more dramatic than Mr. Blaine; and author, because Mr. Stanwood not only has the qualification of personal friendship and intimate acquaintance,—a qualification which in a biographer not infrequently is disastrous, but those of sincerity, calm judgment, and a clear and dispassionate style. He has also the faculty of condensation, without which it would be hopeless for any one to undertake adequately even to outline a career so varied, so brilliant, and, in a certain sense so tragic as that of Mr. Blaine, within less than four hundred pages of moderate size and legible typography. This difficult task Mr. Stanwood has done, and he has done it well; and incidentally, he has summarized the political history of the period within which Mr. Blaine's activities were included. The time has not yet come for the final word regarding Mr. Blaine; for his vigorous and impressive personality has not yet receded far enough into the past; but in the meantime Mr. Stanwood's biography will be accepted as a candid and symmetrical presentation of its subject.